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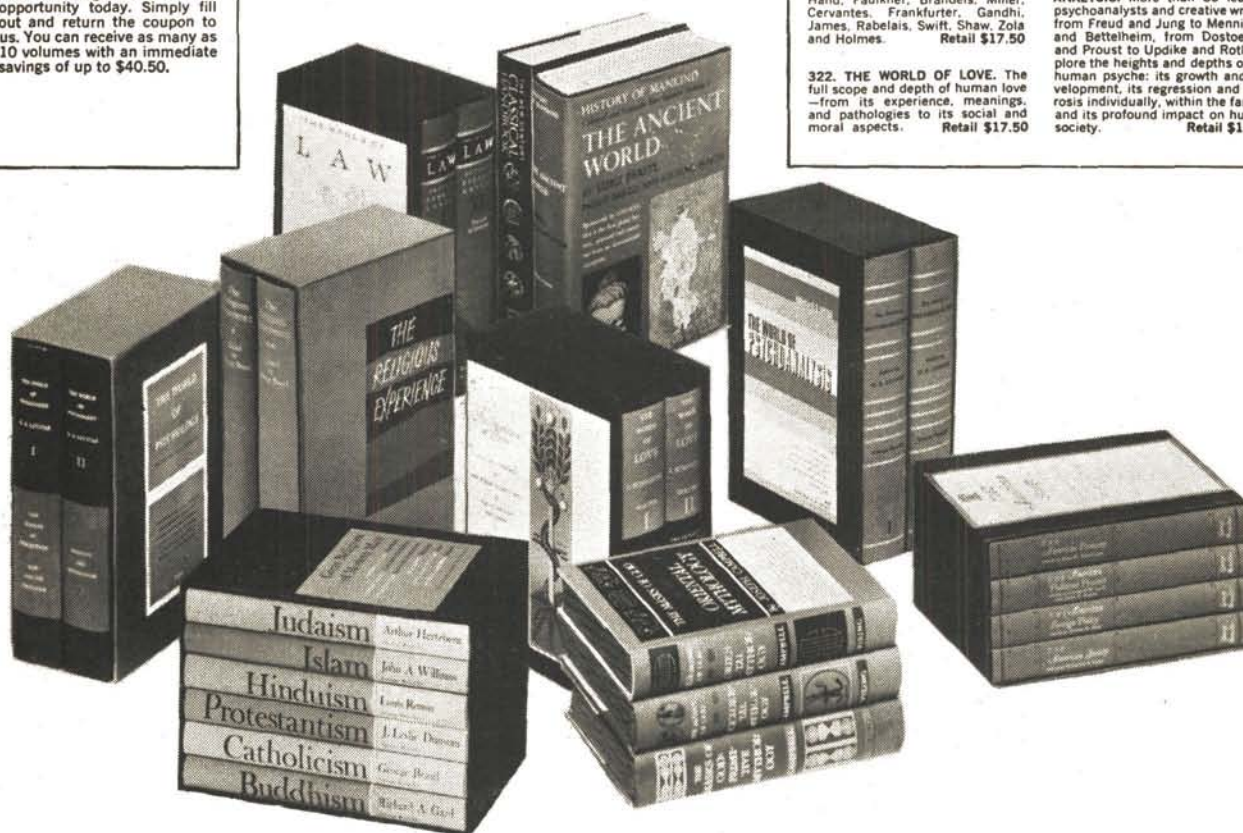
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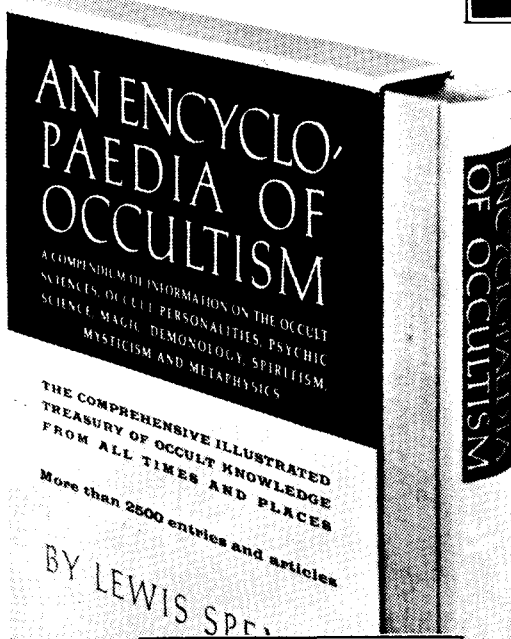
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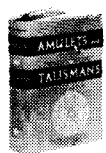
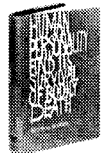
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Petra

Cultural Shock

★ Here I am in a 2,000-year-old tomb in Petra making notes. I have the Paris edition of the *NY Herald-Tribune*, with Lippmann and the stock market in my pocket and there's a herd of goats over in the corner with an agreeable Arab family. Under the shawls on the stone floor (that the forgotten Nabataeans hollowed out before Christ) is a new baby, and Mama smiles up at me. A teen-age girl holds the nubby horns of a goat while Papa uses his razor-sharp sheath knife to trim his hair.

I have come here to gape and meditate. I probably ought to worry more about LBJ and Vietnam, but I am undergoing cultural shock. The fact is, most Americans feel defensive and daunted before antiquity. Our guide speaks six languages, including bruised English, and like other guides loves to boast about civilizations that have ebbed and flowed over his land. He can ring them off, Sumerian, Hittite, Egyptian . . . I don't know what all; 18 or 20 of them. They all hated outsiders and fought them, and still do. Most ultimately perished. Beside all this America seems indecently young.

We motored four hours to get here through a land that is virtually Biblical except for cursive Arabic signs to "Drink Coca Cola." Goats, sheep, Bedouins, aridity, mysticism, and camels.

A wild-eyed Bedouin just offered to kill me over a camel. Or rather a herd of camels. My companion, the German doctor, started picture-taking and the herdsman cupped his hand in an international AID gesture and demanded royalties. When the doctor shook his head, the Bedouin grasped his romantic semiautomatic rifle and said grimly, "I

kill." I hastily explained that his argument was with the doctor. I am probably the only American in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan who travels with no camera. It only confused him. He had a formidable knife, cartridge bandoliers and his gun, and besides looking picturesque he looked crazy as a coot. He is the type who takes pot shots at kibbutzim over the border.

I came to Petra because of a line of poetry, the one of Burgon's - "rose-red city, half as old as time." So here I am. To get into the place you need a horse. Imagine the Grand Canyon squeezed together, and a winding defile running through it in perpetual twilight because the cliffs almost meet overhead, and that is the road leading into the hidden city. Back around 100 BC the oleanders probably bloomed as red as they do now. Spice and myrrh caravans to the Red Sea came down this rock funnel, camelback. Suddenly the road opens out into a valley, a mile long and three-quarters wide, under cliffs a half-mile high. There's your city site! - with a nice viable economy in its heyday, taxing caravans as they come through on a main trade route. Homes were caves, but the extraordinary thing is that when Petra got rich they began carving great three-story monumental tomb and temple entrances.

The place I am in (with the goats) is a majestic oblong cavity with walls and ceiling as true as though laid out with plumb line and spirit level. You can see the regular chipping marks all over the surface and ceiling. It is so flat and smooth that with a paste brush you could wallpaper it.

The Lost City

★ Ultimately the Romans came along and added a theatre, hewed out of the rock of course, and more temples. Then progress raised its ugly head. A better Red Sea caravan route developed. Rents came down, and vacant signs went up. And then the city passed right out of knowledge for half a millennium; birds and beasts of prey went down Main Street, the crazy mountains hid it, and it became only a legend and rumor in old wives' tales, known to a few inhabitants of the inaccessible region. Along came Burckhardt in 1812, and rediscovered it. And that's the story!

You can't land an airplane here, you can't drive a car here - you come down on horseback, admiring the water channels cut along the rock face in the time of the Queen of Sheba.

The tomb seemed a good place to squat and think and take out the *Paris NY Herald-Tribune*. There was no such paper in New York because of the strike, but that was only part of the unreality. Here was a column by Evans-Novak attacking what they called the "New Left." The New Left, it turns out, are a bunch of bums. According to the writers, the New Left regards it as "a fatal fault" that any liberal should be "anti-Communist." If you oppose Mr. Johnson's Vietnam policy you are probably not anti-Communist and belong to the New Left. I tried to explain this to the Arab family, but they only smiled.

Questions in a Tomb

★ You get to asking yourself all sorts of questions in a tomb like this. Maybe Washington correspondents should travel more: it develops what is called a sense of proportion. But I am not sure that is a good thing. It is all right to realize that civilizations come and go. Some get hardening of the arteries, like people. But if this produces fatalistic apathy then I am against it. I am sure the Nabataeans thought the world would end if Petra disappeared. Well, they were wrong. But what mattered was that somebody put up a game fight against extinction.

This Middle East is still a turbulent, hate-ridden, transitional, mystical land, birthplace of religions. All the sun and desert and wandering stars make it that way. Lebanon won't receive mail from Israel, Arab hates Arab. Kemal Mrowa, publisher of the leading newspaper *Al Hayat* in Beirut, and of a first-rate English-language paper, *Daily Star*, was shot and killed the day after I left. A 23-year-old reader was offended by mild criticism of Egypt's Nasser.

Well, it is a comforting thought that if we louse things up and drop The Bomb this Arab family and its goats will probably survive. They are closer to the Dead Sea Scrolls than to Einstein's relativity. . . .

We all seemed a bit subdued, driving back to Jerusalem. Even our guide was silent in all six languages.

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The Real McNamara

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has looked to many like a man who thinks things best get done by bombing people. Those who see him that way were pleasurably jolted by his talk in Montreal to the American Society of Newspaper Editors. The speech is said to have also surprised people in the know in Washington. It should not have. McNamara has long been vexed by his distorted image and has dropped private hints that he is dissatisfied with unimaginative and inflexible policies in the State Department. The implication has been that he could do the Secretary of State's job better than Dean Rusk, and the Montreal speech may be a clue that he will some day get it. Rusk's speech to the Council on Foreign Relations in New York last week read like a tired riposte to McNamara's Montreal charges that some people instead of building bridges across chasms are afraid even to look over the edge because they suffer from "political acrophobia."

It would be comforting to conclude from McNamara's remark that American foreign policy is about to get up-to-date. On both sides of the iron and bamboo curtains, change is in the air. China is suddenly full of heretics yearning for peaceful coexistence, and these modern revisionists have their counterparts in Hanoi and among the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam. General Charles de Gaulle drives our own mandarins up the wall by his lack of ardor for NATO, and the Communist leadership in Rumania makes bold skeptical noises about NATO's Communist copy, the Warsaw Pact. If these straws in the wind don't persuade President Johnson that a new breeze is blowing, his falling ratings in opinion polls will.

All the same, McNamara's words in Montreal reveal that if he wants to succeed he will have to use more vigor, for the points of policy seem to have got dangerously rusted into immobility even in his own mind. He tugged and tugged, and not too much gave way. "The realistic mind," he declared, "is a restlessly creative mind, free of naïve delusions but full of practical alternatives." But he produced no concrete ones. He daringly proposed trade and diplomatic contacts and even exchanges of military observers in order to "build bridges toward nations who would cut themselves off from meaningful contact with us." But none of this is possible with China until Formosa's future is settled. Would he try making a modest start on those lines with North Vietnam, and Cuba? He didn't mention them. Again, McNamara thinks the US has to "achieve a more effective

partnership with those nations who can and should share international peace-keeping responsibilities," but his suggestions for ways of doing so virtually bypass the United Nations (he called the UN a "rudimentary" organization), and the two examples of successful partnership in peace-keeping that he cited are a bit phony—"the Organization of American States in the Dominican Republic, the more than 30 nations contributing troops or supplies to assist the government of South Vietnam."

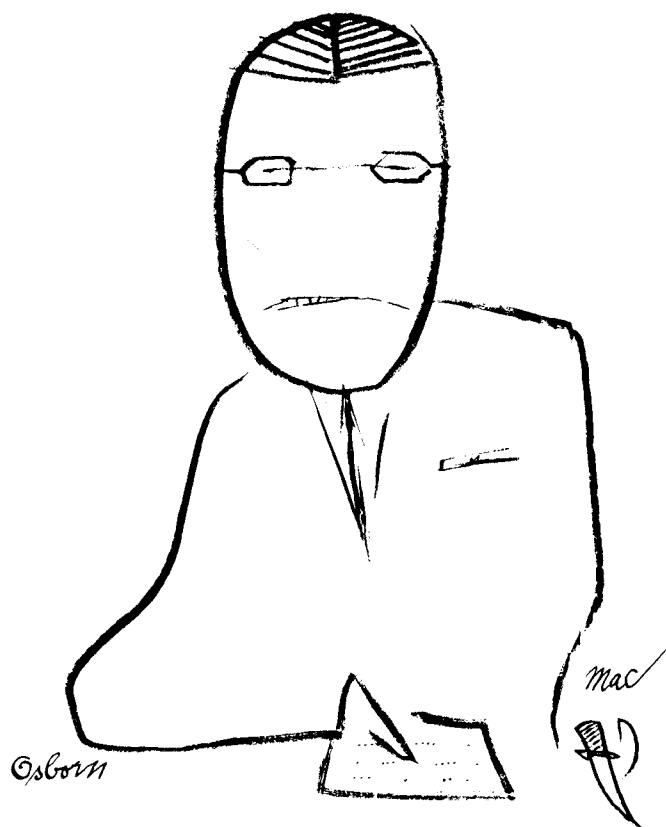
He appears to believe (and, depending on this country's future policies, could be horribly right) that these military exercises rather than the UN "point to the peace-keeping pattern of the future." If so, it will be a grim future. Blue berets in South Vietnam would have been better than green ones, and having a UN peace-keeping force in South Arabia or on the Israeli border would do more good in the long run than a competitive arms race in the Middle East.

Though the Secretary dethroned more military hardware as the decisive factor in security, he emphasized that the reason he could afford to do so is that "from the point of view of combat readiness the US has never been militarily stronger" and "we intend to maintain that readiness." He must suspect that the chances are poor of getting other countries to accept overwhelming US and Russian military superiority and not try to acquire nuclear weapons

themselves, unless the US and Russia agree to cut back their nuclear military might. This means straining for workable disarmament. McNamara stressed a need to "find the means to prevent the proliferation of nuclear weapons beyond the alliance," and Montreal would have been a good place to talk about American leads for disarmament; the Secretary didn't. He did suggest that countries like India ought to take a more active role "in guarding the defense perimeter" to deter China from expanding. If India improbably assumes such a role, it will want and will probably proceed to acquire nuclear weapons. This poses a hard choice between the non-proliferation McNamara wants, and the military "detering" of China that he suggests. He told the Canadians there is "no adversary with whom we do not share a common interest in avoiding mutual destruction"; why in that case did the US turn down China's invitation to a mutual agreement never to be the first to use nuclear weapons?

There is also a problem of proliferation within the alliance. McNamara referred to it, but what did he say? "The conventional forces of NATO still require a nuclear backdrop" which the US is "fully committed to provide"; Europeans, however, may be given a bigger share in the planning of nuclear strategy. It's becoming increasingly doubtful that this is what the Europeans want: certainly not General de Gaulle and maybe not even the West Germans. Europe, on both sides of the curtain, is becoming oriented toward the breakup of military blocs; both NATO and the Warsaw Pact have become old-hat. McNamara senses this and gropes for new ideas, for instance a streamlined NATO that would be an effective deterrent to increasingly unlikely aggression but whose modesty might tempt the Russians into a parallel reduction of forces. But all this needs more thought and frank public discussion than it has begun to receive. The Russians (and Czechs, and Poles) are unlikely to agree to a *détente* even with a leaner NATO, if it is largely German and has American-supplied nuclear fangs. If the US controls the beast's bite, the Germans will chafe at the control. They are already compelled to buy increasing quantities of "military hardware" from both the US and Britain, and McNamara threatened last month to cut US troop strength in Germany further if they don't keep up their payments, which are badly in arrears. All signs are that the American and probably also the British forces in Germany are going to be cut back anyway, and such reduction is desirable—but not if it just means giving NATO a new goose-step. What almost everyone in Europe wants now is an all-round reduction of forces.

McNamara should tell the other NATO defense



ministers when he meets with them next month that the US proposes to concentrate on trying to bring about a real degree of nuclear disarmament, as the only safe road to a non-proliferation treaty. But even before July there ought to be a scaling down of military operations in Vietnam, as requested last week by the UN Secretary General, U Thant. For one thing, the Russians aren't seriously talk disarmament while the US is bombing Russia's ally, North Vietnam. Anyway, McNamara, better than any man, knows that the bombing of the North has been a

military and moral disaster for the United States.

It may be that the real McNamara stood up in Montreal. He isn't just a computer, and he doesn't think bombs solve everything. Nor is he a Galileo-in-reverse like Rusk, who when the earth spins insists "it *doesn't* move" and recites incantations from old treaties to prove it. McNamara is the modern revisionist in the American hierarchy and he has begun openly to challenge its orthodoxy. More will have to be done before it can be said that a changing world is again getting an American lead.

Is Integration Irrelevant?

The 2,000 or so delegates at the White House Conference on Civil Rights, June 1-2, were not billed as tame cats ready to purr when offered the milk of human kindness. The multibillion-dollar program of the Conference, designed to break down segregation and build up Negro income and education, is bold. Nevertheless, a week before the delegates came to Washington, their work had been repudiated by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. "Integration is irrelevant," the new SNCC chairman Stokeley Carmichael announced, as he summoned "all black Americans to begin building independent political, economic and cultural institutions that they will control and use as instruments of social change in this country."

This racism in reverse has been bubbling up from below for some time – the Black Muslims have been promoting it; the Black Panther political movement in Lowndes County, Alabama, rejects white nominees and white support. A comment out of Watts last week illustrates this shift in Negro mood: "The people are getting a very proud attitude. Like, I'm a black man and I'm going to do it myself. If the whites help, fine, but I'm going to get there."

The Stokeley Carmichaels who are on the barricades in the rural South, or the Negroes sealed up in Watts or in shabby ghettos of big cities have reason to be angry, to distrust white sincerity, to want political and economic power in their own hands. Having been excluded from leadership and so long degraded, it may be that some Negroes can only gain self-respect by self-help – without benefit of white punditry.

There's little to be done about an itch except scratch it. Yet this particular itch, thus scratched, can have unwelcome, even ugly results if it spreads. For instance, Congress is now nervously – nervously because this is an election year – beginning to consider the President's request that henceforth discrimination

based on race in the sale or rental of housing or of vacant land intended for housing, or in advertising, shall be prohibited. Title IV of the proposed Civil Rights Act of 1966 would make illegal false statements by realtors that housing is not available for viewing or sale or rental; it would prohibit discrimination by banks and other lenders in making home loans or fixing down payments or interest rates; and it would allow persons who believe they have been discriminated against to bring suit in federal court. If adopted, Title IV won't give every Negro family a decent house in an integrated neighborhood; its passage would take us one more long step forward. But if on top of opposition by the National Association of Real Estate Boards and a great many fearful white homeowners, militant Negroes dismiss such legislation, as they dismiss the White House Conference, as window dressing, is the Congress going to be more or less disposed to doing what must be done? And who will suffer most if it, too, says "integration is irrelevant?"

And what of the interracial efforts in the NAACP, the Urban League, the Christian Leadership Conference and countless inter-denominational groups – not to mention the work of Negro and white youngsters in the South on behalf of integration and equal voting rights? Are they too "irrelevant," perhaps even harmful to Negro pride? Are whites who show passionate concern for Negro rights to be told they may march in the movement, but only as an auxiliary? No one should know better than SNCC members that they have not been alone, and that although white America may not have experienced the full inner agony of the embittered Negro, there are thousands of white Americans who have been eager to give time, money, lives, to constructing a democratic community.

Race pride can galvanize a movement. But inherent in the means is a cancer destructive of the end. If the goal is an integrated society in the United States, as it should be, segregation is a poor way to get there.

Care for the Not-So-Poor

"Medical indigence," in the murky language of welfare administrators, means that one has enough money to barely live from day to day but not enough to pay the doctor when sickness hits. A family of four may be held *medically* indigent under a new New York state law if the wage earner brings home less than \$6,000 a year. The same family, by Hawaii's definition, would have to make less than \$3,000 and in Pennsylvania less than \$4,000. The term is relative, and under the new federal-state medical care program which began in some areas last January, so is the treatment available to those who qualify under its variable definition.

When Congress enacted Medicare for the aged in 1965 it also amended the Social Security Act to take into account some medical needs of younger people. Little noticed at the time, Title XIX – a program of federal matching grants to states for medical assistance – is potentially of greater significance than Medicare. Together the two programs represent the first step toward national health insurance for all. HEW estimates that 27 states may enact programs by the end of this year. But so far – with only eight states and Puerto Rico participating – medical care under Title XIX is not available to a large majority of Americans.

New York is the latest state to submit a plan through which it can participate in the benefits of Title XIX and has by far the best one. The subject of considerable controversy since Governor Rockefeller signed it a month ago, the New York bill provides for medical services for which 40 percent of the state's population will be eligible. As many as eight million persons may receive help with their health bills, including payment for physicians' services, dentists, nurses, optometrists, and podiatrists, hospital care, nursing homes, drugs, sickroom supplies, false teeth, laboratory and X-ray services. Services covered vary from state to state and will not, in all cases, include such things as dental care, eyeglasses and physical rehabilitation. In New York an unmarried person of any age will be covered if he earns less than \$2,900. The maximum salary will be adjusted for families of varying size. An income of \$6,000 will be the cut-off for a family of four with one wage earner, savings of less than \$3,000 and private health insurance with a cash value of no more than \$1,000 per family member.

The New York plan has been resisted by those who think that the eligibility requirements are too generous, and that Governor Rockefeller is promoting "socialized medicine." Indeed, the bill passed by the State Assembly and Senate goes well beyond the letter of the federal law. Title XIX of the Social Security Act requires only that states electing to receive federal matching funds provide services to persons who

already qualify for public assistance, those getting Old Age Assistance, Aid to the Blind, to Dependent Children or the disabled. Medical services for minor children whose families are not on welfare are optional under Title XIX, and states choosing to make services available to persons not on welfare between 21 and 65 – as New York has – do so at their own expense. The federal share is determined by the per capita income in each state and ranges from 55 percent, on the average, to as much as 83 percent in the poorest states. In New York the federal share is 50 percent. Only Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Pennsylvania and New York of the states now receiving federal funds have elected to include the 21 to 65 age group. Title XIX requires that income requirements be flexible and that the cost of needed medical care be considered in determining eligibility. But the income guidelines drawn up in each state may be decisive; hence the furor over the \$6,000 maximum income figure in New York. Other jurisdictions have much lower maximums (\$2,600 in Puerto Rico for a family of four; \$3,600 in Illinois).

The concept of medical assistance expressed in Title XIX is that of the old Kerr-Mills Act, which authorized medical care to the aged through locally administered programs utilizing a means test to determine eligibility. The American Medical Association approves of this formula and supported "in principle" the Title XIX program "since it followed the Kerr-Mills concept of helping those who need help, with local control over the administration and local determination of need." But at least in New York, the Title XIX program may avoid somewhat the welfare stigma of Kerr-Mills, since a substantial proportion of the state's population will be eligible. It also improves on Kerr-Mills by removing the old requirements that a person be a resident of a state for a certain period before becoming eligible for state-financed care, and does not hold children responsible for the medical expenses of their parents.

Many Americans, not just the poor, are "medically indigent" in the sense that they would be wiped out financially by a serious illness requiring months or years of costly hospitalization and specialized care. The New York law recognizes this and as such goes much further than other states which would require that a family's gross income and savings be reduced to the poverty level before the state can come to the rescue. "It does nobody any good to pauperize an individual," said Ellen Winston, US Commissioner of Welfare, "for chances are he is not going to be able to rise out of his destitution"; he is likely to be a continuing burden on the state. The philosophy of Title XIX is that it is better, and perhaps cheaper, to provide aid before the person has become truly indigent.

DAVID SANFORD

The Ups and Downs Of Food Prices

A new ogre will be held up as an object of horror to farmers and housewives in a few weeks when the National Food Marketing Commission unveils its long-awaited study. That ogre, which is eating up a bigger and bigger share of the consumer dollar, is the "advertising and promotion" trade. It already shares the blame for unbelievably poor TV shows, and now is blamed also for rising food costs. In 1950, corporations marketing food spent \$500 million on advertising; by 1964 the figure was \$2.2 billion.

The NFMFC report will come just as political sensitivities are getting raw because of the inflation that is escalating along with the war in Vietnam. But it won't say much to comfort the girls who want to give their hard-working husbands a choice beefsteak for dinner or the farmer who suspects there is a conspiracy at the cattle markets in the Midwest. The farmer already gets 60 cents of the consumer dollar spent on beef compared to a mere 12 cents on canned tomatoes (the processing is expensive). Sooner or later, the farmer is going to have to take a long, hard look at the fact that he is periodically stampeded into overproduction by getting good prices.

The NFMFC report addresses itself most effectively to the baneful effects of high economic concentration in the food industry, using the breakfast cereal as "Exhibit A." Four firms control 85 percent of that market; and in the decade 1954-64 retail prices of cereals jumped 45 percent. The report finds such concentration weakens price competition and replaces it by expensive competition in advertising and promotion, besides allowing these giants to impose onerous terms on those below them. The report says no less than 19 cents of every consumer dollar spent on cereals is eaten up by advertising and promotion, a cost many a housewife might not want to pay for her current TV fare. "If competition is to remain, high concentration must be prevented," the report advises. It suggests continuing studies by the Federal Trade Commission with annual reports, plus some effective use of the Clayton Act.

How about the farmer? The report, adopted behind closed doors by a 9-6 vote, says retailers and manufacturers have "substantial market power" to affect prices, but farmers don't since they're not organized. So a "Little Wagner Act" to allow farmers to organize and bargain collectively, product by product, under the aegis of the Department of Interior, is proposed. In the last decade, a radical farm group called the National

Farmers Organization (NFO), dedicated to voluntary collective action, has spread across the Midwest. Its success has been minimal however.

Housewives will be interested in—but not really surprised by—"a long list of objectionable practices" the report finds in packaging and labeling. In many cases, it warns, the quality of unadvertised but cheaper brands is equal to that of advertised brands. It found for example that retail prices of advertised brands of canned peas and frozen food concentrates are 20 percent above the prices of "retailer brands of comparable quality." Again, it's the advertising and promotion boys who come out ogreish. Then there are new products. The NFMFC found costs of market testing and initial promotion "high" in some cases. Same ogre. One solution proposed: grading by government inspection, to avoid costly competition between brands.

But today's big popular issue is inflation. The hit-or-miss policies of wage and price guidelines promulgated from Washington have made farmers livid, so that Republicans have had visions of a clean sweep of the breadbasket states in the fall, adding perhaps a dozen new House seats from that handful of states. What really annoyed critics within the Administration's own ranks in Congress was their conviction that nothing done in Washington really had a significant effect on the prices the housewives were paying.

Take pork. Hogs were selling at 29 cents a pound in January and the housewife felt the effect because 51 cents out of every consumer dollar spent on pork goes to the farmer. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara cut Department of Defense purchases of pork by 50 percent, no doubt to keep his own record of economy in government intact. It enraged pork producers. Then, in March, the Department of Agriculture dumped 100 million bushels of surplus corn, supposedly to encourage hog production and bring pork prices down.

They're down now, to 22 cents. But critics insist it was neither of these actions that brought the prices down. They only upset the farmers. As one farm expert put it: "All you need to do is count pigs and add months and you know the price futures." Agricultural economists had counted and knew the supply was there to tumble the prices in the spring. But Gardner Ackley, who described the moves as anti-inflationary, doesn't have an agricultural economist on his Council of Economic Advisers or even on his staff. "The President permitted himself to over-react to Ackley's advice on food prices," said the same expert who recommended the simple procedure of counting the little pigs and adding the months.

The hide export quotas imposed by Secretary of Commerce John Connor were a different matter. Hide prices did drop substantially for cattlemen, who claimed the move cost them millions, but the shoe in-

dustry announced a price hike a few days later. The combination brought loud screams from cattle country and sent their lawmakers scurrying for means of redress. Meanwhile, shoe prices for consumers went up.

But the spring is not the fall and the Administration has already regrouped. President Johnson personally announced an increase of 7.7 million acres of wheat allotments for next year, earlier than acreage quotas are usually made public. It should quell the rebellion in some sections. In addition, Secretary McNamara has noticed the price drop and is ready to start feeding the troops pork once more. Even the hide quotas could go.

Food, as Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman puts it, is the "gut issue" in hungry nations around the world and North America is one of two export areas left in the world. Right now, the world could eat all the food our farmers could produce, but logistical problems – shipping, port and railway bottlenecks – have to be solved. As the cries of alarm came in from farm country, the Administration was getting its Food for Freedom bill in shape. A beefed-up version of Food for Peace, the bill calls for a hike in expenditures of from \$2 billion to \$3.3 billion for the next two years, and would allow Secretary Freeman to expand production beyond our surplus commodities.

Here we come to one of the anomalies of politics.

President Johnson and such allies as Sen. Gale McGee, (D, Wyo.) fashioned the National Food Marketing Commission in the spring of 1964, when angry noises over beef prices filled the ears of cow country politicians. Here was to be an in-depth study of marketplace manipulation. Its main support came from cattle-country. On the other hand, interest in the Food for Freedom program was accentuated by a conviction that another farm bill couldn't be passed by Congress. Only 110 House members come from districts with a substantial farm vote. To pass a bill, this number must be doubled. As Secretary Freeman put it: "I spend 10 hours talking to city members for every 10 minutes I spend with rural members." Every year, it gets tougher. But Food for Freedom is a farm bill city members *can* support and brag about back home.

The NFMC conclusions, which absolve the farmer of any share of the blame for prices but zero in on that old enemy of consumers – high economic concentration and its baneful effects – promise to be more of a boon for the housewife at the supermarket than for the farmer. But Food for Freedom, which could eventually allow the farmer to grow to his heart's content rather than organize, pleases the farmer.

And, in the end, the Democrats will claim that it all happened under LBJ. PAUL R. WIECK

ANOTHER CRACK IN THE SOVIET BLOC?

Rumania and Russia

London

The disagreement between Rumania and Russia on the shape of the Warsaw Pact goes much deeper than reports indicate. It is not simply a quarrel about the structure of the military alliance and the place occupied in it by member countries, but a dispute about the very nature of the alliance and even the need for it. In the speech at the beginning of May which first attracted world attention to this issue, Nicolae Ceausescu, the Rumanian Communist Party leader, described the very existence of military blocs as an "anachronism" that was "incompatible with national independence and sovereignty" – and he made it clear that he was referring to the independence of the smaller member countries. This is too delicate an issue to be discussed in detail in public speeches, but the Rumanian press has been hinting for some time at the real nature of this threat to national sovereignty. The

party monthly *Lupta de 'Clasa* ("Class Struggle") attacked last September those military alliances which "have at their disposal organs to whose competence have been transferred the important powers of the sovereign member states in foreign policy. . . ." It can thus be seen that one of the main Rumanian objections is to the Soviet claim to dictate the foreign policy of its East European allies.

The explanation provided by *Lupta de Clasa* throws a new light on the curious goings on after the Warsaw Pact conference in January last year. The conference, called specifically to discuss the German issue, ended with a vague communiqué that proposed no real measures for dealing with the problem. For the first time in the history of the Warsaw Pact, the communiqué omitted to affirm the unanimity of the conference participants, thus indicating that there had been very real

disagreements among them. Rumania was the only member country of the Warsaw Pact whose newspapers failed to comment on the conference, thus making it clear that the lack of unanimity was due to the stand taken by the Rumanian representative. One of the issues in dispute was indicated by Walter Ulbricht, the East German leader, on his return from the Warsaw conference to East Berlin, when he said that anyone who closed his eyes to the reality of the West German threat was "in danger of building his policy on illusions." It was evidently in order to open the eyes of his allies that Herr Ulbricht had submitted to the conference a memorandum which, as he put it, had described "extensively, with utmost frankness and with the backing of evidence" the threat presented by West Germany to his East European allies. The reason why it was necessary for the East German regime to argue so forcefully at the Warsaw conference was indicated by Gerhart Eisler, the East German propaganda chief. In a television interview with Herr Ulbricht on the Warsaw meeting, he said that there were many people who refused to recognize the danger posed by West German nuclear ambitions. "They believe," he said, "and they wanted us to believe, that all this is not so wicked, and that the devil is not so black as he is painted."

Who were these mysterious people? Herr Ulbricht provided a clue to their identity when he said that he wanted to point out "with satisfaction" that the East German assessment of the situation had been shared at the conference by the delegations of the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Poland "and others." But he did not name the others, thus leaving the impression that they were less firm in their support for the East German view than the countries he had singled out for mention. It so happens that just before the Warsaw conference an article in *Pravda* had also singled out Poland and Czechoslovakia for special mention because "the friendship of our peoples, born in the joint struggle for freedom and happiness . . . has acquired new strength in the years of postwar construction." The only other East European country mentioned by *Pravda* in this context was East Germany, with which the USSR was linked by ties of "fraternal and all-round cooperation."

Is it pure coincidence that the countries named both by Ulbricht and by *Pravda* comprise a group that is directly interested, for territorial reasons, in a "firm" policy on Germany? As against this group, the Warsaw Pact countries that were omitted from these lists – Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary – have no direct quarrel with West Germany. The first group of countries, which might be described as the "Northern tier" of the Warsaw Pact organization, is also the more industrialized, and therefore better able to withstand the offers of economic cooperation and even aid which West Germany is prepared to make available in exchange for

diplomatic recognition and other political advantages. Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary, on the other hand, have given a number of indications that they have been sorely tempted by some of these offers. Rumania has gone furthest in accepting them, and its minister of foreign trade went to Bonn to discuss extending the cooperation between the two countries.

Increasingly in recent months Bulgaria has given signs of sympathy for Rumania's challenge to the domination of the more industrially developed Communist countries. There is reason to believe that it is jealous of the advantage Rumania has derived from its more independent posture in the Communist bloc. Moreover, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary have been much more reticent in their references to West Germany than the members of the "Northern tier," whose politicians and newspapers miss no opportunity to denounce the West German "threat to peace" and, specifically, to their own countries. The countries of the "Southern tier," on the other hand, which have no common border with Germany, and have a more friendly history of relations with it, do not take the German "threat" as seriously, paying only occasional lip-service to it.

The East German regime has repeatedly warned its allies against playing the West German game. Last year, when the West German deputy secretary of state, Rolf Lahr, visited Rumania to explore the possibilities for economic and political contacts, the official East German newspaper protested against his "misuse of his rights as the guest of Rumania by proclaiming Bonn's aggressive aims against the German Democratic Republic." The Rumanian press ignored the protest.

As in the case of Rumania's earlier opposition to COMECON, the East European organization for economic integration, some of the members of the Warsaw Pact have reason to be secretly pleased that Rumania is fighting their battles for them. The indications which emerged during last year's Warsaw Pact conference that there were major differences between Rumania and other members have only now received confirmation. No doubt it will be some time before the true causes of the dispute are publicly revealed.

But the latest Soviet note to West Germany goes some way toward confirming the political division on the German question between the Northern and Southern tiers of the Warsaw Pact. It singled out the Soviet Union, East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary as the members of the Warsaw Pact organization which had undertaken commitments to prevent further "aggression" by West Germany. The "other" countries which it did *not* name comprise the "founder-members" of the Southern tier, Rumania and Bulgaria, as well as Albania, which is pro-Peking and anti-Moscow and takes no part in Warsaw Pact affairs.

VICTOR ZORZA

Arming the Middle East

I. *How Much Is Nasser Worth?*

Cairo

Never have Egypt's millions been so dependent on America for their daily bread, yet never has America been so abused and villified in Egypt.

Gamal Abdel Nasser's latest campaign against the US coincides, paradoxically, with his request for \$150 million worth of food aid. This year Egypt must import close to 2.5 million tons of wheat to satisfy the basic needs of a rapidly growing population, and the greater part of it can only come from the United States. Why then is Nasser risking this vital assistance?

Nasser tends to conduct his international relations as a series of savage rows followed by equally passionate reconciliations. A fellow Arab leader may one day be described as a hyena and a week later as a beloved brother. The verbal violence against America may be in part explained by this Egyptian volatility. But in recent months, Nasser's anti-Western attitudes appear to have taken on a new consistency. It is as if he has really come to believe that the West is his irreconcilable enemy and that he – and his fellow revolutionaries around the world – are the chosen targets of a gigantic conspiracy. The visit to Egypt of Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin in mid-May may come to mark a point of no return in the evolution of Nasser's relations with the West.

We are not suggesting that Nasser is an Arab Fidel. If he seems to have slipped from the fence of nonalignment, it is not out of any personal conviction on the merits of Marxism. It is worth recalling that after years of intimate cooperation with the Soviet bloc, Egypt remains remarkably free from Communist indoctrination at all levels.

Nasser is interested in power rather than ideas. His gaze is fixed on his struggle for hegemony in the Arab world – an area which he considers his natural sphere of influence. His friendship or hostility toward great powers is very largely determined by whether he feels they are helping or hindering his ambitions.

The one permanent element in Nasser's thinking since he took over from General Naguib in 1954 has been his determination to prevent the emergence in the Arab world of a power strong enough to challenge him in the eastern Mediterranean. It is in this spirit that he opposed – and eventually defeated – regimes as variously orientated as those of the pro-Western Nuri al-Said of Iraq; his left-wing successor, General Kassem;

and Syria's Ba'ath Party socialists. Today, he finds himself faced with a new threat, perhaps even more formidable than these – the emergence of King Faisal of Saudi-Arabia as a rival pole of attraction.

Faisal has driven Nasser to a standstill in Yemen, where a civil war is being fought between royalists and republicans with Nasser's troops supporting the republicans and Faisal backing the royalists. Faisal has toured the Arab world mobilizing opinion against everything Nasser stands for; he symbolizes traditional Arab values in a world which many Arabs feel is changing too fast. As the guardian of the holy places of Mecca and Medina, Faisal is the defender of Islam against the false gods of socialism and materialism. Nasser has now identified him as the chief enemy and a threat to be eliminated at all costs.

What stares Nasser in the face and arouses his anger is that Faisal finds his chief support in the West. At its simplest expression, the West defends the *status quo* in the Middle East whereas Nasser wishes to destroy it. More specifically, Washington is publicly committed to defending the territorial integrity of Saudi-Arabia and, with Britain, has entered into an agreement with Faisal to supply him with a sophisticated air defense system worth over \$300 million.

In Nasser's eyes, Britain is perhaps the leading villain. Ever since the war, it has endeavored to contain the expansion of Egypt's influence. Now, in the declining years of its imperialist career, Britain has deliberately chosen Faisal as the heir to its positions in the Persian Gulf and on the eastern fringes of the Arabian peninsula. Britain is encouraging the Arab statelets now under its influence to look toward Faisal as to an elder brother – if only to save them from falling under Egyptian control.

The threat from Faisal seems to Nasser all the more menacing as it coincides with what he views as a global counterrevolutionary movement. All around the world – in Algeria, Ghana, Indonesia, Kenya – revolutionaries are in trouble. The disappearance of men like Ben Bella and Nkrumah has left Nasser isolated. He feels that his name must be on the same list. At home, too, he feels hemmed in by insoluble problems. Egypt's foreign exchange reserves are down to \$10 million; foreign sources of aid which have produced \$3,288 million since 1952 are now drying up; prices of food,

clothes and other essentials are rising rapidly, eating into the internal stability which has long been Nasser's greatest asset; a series of conspiracies from the extreme left to the extreme right have shattered the image of a country united behind its leader.

The Yemen campaign, which was to have been a pushover, has dragged on for nearly four years and Nasser now faces the prospect of having to keep troops there indefinitely or lose, at a stroke, not only his prestige but the all-important battle with Faisal for the Arabian Peninsula as a whole.

On Russian advice, Nasser has withdrawn his troops from the treacherous mountains of north Yemen – where they were subject to constant harassment by royalist guerrillas – in order to regroup them in a southern triangle bounded by the three Yemeni towns of Sanaa, Hudeida and Taiz. But, faced by growing Saudi military preparedness, he still does not feel secure. His military advisers in Yemen favor a lightning strike at Saudi bases close to Yemen, which would disrupt royalist supplies and perhaps win a six months' respite.

In the last month, Nasser has repeatedly threatened to bomb and invade the south Saudi towns of Najran and Jizan, which he alleges are the main royalist supply points. Washington has retorted by reaffirming its guarantee of Saudi integrity and stalling on Nasser's request for negotiations for a new wheat agreement.

Nasser cannot contemplate escalating the Yemen war without Soviet approval. In detail, he needs a promise from Russia that his food supplies will be assured if American aid is cut off; he needs still more arms – as a gift rather than a sale; and finally he needs a cash loan to tide him over his immediate financial difficulties.

These are the requests he put to Mr. Kosygin during the Soviet leader's recent visit to the United Arab Republic. To win over his guest, Nasser has portrayed himself as standing in the front line of a worldwide battle against imperialism and reaction. Hence the new virulence of his attacks on the United States.

The Soviet premier is a cautious man. One Russian in Cairo described him as "our chief accountant." He is anxious to limit the Soviet Union's investment in the UAR, which already totals \$824.4 million, not including \$111 million in so-called commercial credits and \$66.7 million in five-year money for a 200,000-acre reclamation project, and without counting the enormous sums expended on military hardware.

The political returns on these investments have been considerable. In the last year alone, Nasser has helped put the East German leader, Herr Ulbricht, on the political map by inviting him to Egypt; he led the Arab break with Bonn; he led the African break with Britain over Rhodesia; he fanned the flame of revolution in South Arabia and allowed the Viet Cong to establish a permanent office in Cairo as the center of their political activities in Afro-Asia. Nasser remains the Soviet Union's major ally in the Middle East and Africa.

Mr. Kosygin and his advisers must weigh these political gains against the cost of still further involvement. Their delicate task is to decide what more Nasser can offer Russia and how much this is worth in rubles.

PATRICK SEALE and IRENE BEESON

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II. The Competition for New Weapons

An arms race of unprecedented magnitude is in full swing in the Middle East, where the West is vying with the Soviet Union to supply weapons.

In January, 1964, the first Arab summit meeting, held in Alexandria, resolved to set up a United Arab Command against Israel and raise \$420 million over 10 years, the money to come from four countries: Kuwait, Saudi-Arabia, Iraq and the desperately poor United Arab Republic. The subsidy was to go to three countries, Jordan (50 percent), Syria (40 percent) and Lebanon (10 percent), to strengthen and modernize their military forces, considered too weak to participate in war against Israel. In addition, the Arab summit meeting agreed to allocate \$112 million to diverting water from the Jordan River and for the needs of the Palestine

army of liberation. About \$98 million has been raised and at the Arab summit meeting in Casablanca last September, a further unspecified amount was pledged.

Not long after the Alexandria meeting, King Hussein of Jordan visited Washington and told officials that Nasser, with whom he had just celebrated a reconciliation, had asked him to use the United Arab Command money to buy Soviet military hardware which Nasser would supply. This was to include medium tanks, T-54's, and MIG-21 supersonic fighter planes. Nasser told Hussein the Soviet arms were much cheaper than weapons from the West and he undertook to provide Jordan with the MIGs at \$600,000 apiece, less than half what the Americans, British or French would charge for their planes. Nasser also told Hussein he could

count on a continuing flow of spare parts and replacements from Russia.

Washington saw Soviet influence looming over the heartland of the Middle East, a short distance from the oil fields of Saudi-Arabia, Iraq and Kuwait, and feared Soviet penetration of Jordan, a country whose budget includes an annual US grant of \$30 million. So Hussein left Washington bearing numerous gifts – 100 reconditioned Patton tanks, armed vehicles, command cars, guns – enough to equip several motorized brigades, enough to begin a considerable buildup of the Jordanian army in place of the national guard, a semi-regular force composed largely of Palestinians hostile to the Hashemite dynasty.

Two months later it was the turn of the Israelis to visit Washington. The Administration could hardly refuse the Israeli Prime Minister, Mr. Eshkol, what it had given the kingdom of Jordan. So Eshkol left Washington having been promised 200 Patton tanks, to be delivered from West Germany; when Bonn repudiated the deal, the tanks were delivered directly from the United States.

Hussein made immediate representations to the US Ambassador in Amman; the possibility of Jordan's buying Soviet tanks was again brought up, and 100 more Patton tanks were delivered to Jordan, enabling Hussein to create a second armored brigade. For a short time, this second deal remained secret, but such secrets have a very short life expectancy. The Israelis, in turn, began to insist on more weapons.

Then Hussein asked for planes, and dickered with the French and the British until Washington offered Jordan 36 secondhand Star fighters which US manufacturers agreed to recondition. The delivery will be made in installments of 12 planes; as of now, the Amman government has purchased only the first 12. According to French manufacturers, Jordan is paying a "full price," around \$1.5 million per plane, when radar and other communications equipment is included. Whatever the price, there is no doubt that the deal is being financed by the United Arab Command, a body established for the purpose of annihilating Israel.

Having satisfied another of Hussein's demands, the State and Defense Departments had to appease Israel. The Israelis have not been particularly keen to buy American fighter planes. For more than 10 years, they have been buying this kind of equipment only in France, because initially only the French were willing to deal with them. They have got used to French fighters and like them. What Israel wanted from the US, therefore, as compensation for the sale of Star fighters to Jordan, were light bombers of sufficient range to reach distant Egyptian air bases. Washington refused on the score that it is established US policy to supply "defensive arms" to Middle East countries, only to cor-

rect any imbalance created by others, that is, the Russians. So Israel had to be content with US Sky Hawk light bombers of lesser range. It is believed that the Israelis have an option to buy 48 such planes and the terms are reported to be "the best from the buyer's point of view to be obtained from any Western country," which probably means a 10-year credit and a low interest rate.

French manufacturers have sold 12 Mirage-III supersonic jet fighters to Lebanon, which until recently had an army of only 5,000 men, and no air force. After receiving 10 percent of the cash pledged by the United Arab Command, Lebanon decided to double its army and to create an air force.

While the Americans, the British and the French are ever more active in the armaments race between Israel on one side and Jordan and Lebanon on the other, Soviet arms continue to pour into the UAR and Syria. The Egyptian air force, perhaps because of very poor standards of maintenance, is a heavy consumer of equipment. It now has a large number of fighters, reconnaissance and transport planes, light and heavy bombers and various other kinds of special-purpose aircraft – all made in Russia.

Until lately, the Syrian army was equipped with a mixture of French, British, Soviet and Czech weapons. It had only a few out-of-date MIGs. But even before the recent visit to Moscow of practically the entire Syrian government, a large number of Soviet tanks and planes had begun to arrive. This flow will probably increase, since Moscow, nervous over Syria's flirtation with Communist China, seems to have decided to invest considerable military and economic aid in Syria.

This accelerated arms race in the Middle East has not reached its peak. Israel now faces the necessity of drastically revising her military strategy and tactics. The Israeli military are not especially concerned with what is happening in Egypt. They hope to preserve the one-two relationship between their tanks and planes and those of Nasser. Given the superior skill of Israeli airmen and armored troops, the Israelis consider that their forces are sufficient to defend the Jewish state from the south. They are more concerned with what is happening in the east and the north. Until recently, Jordan had only defensive forces; now she could, at least in theory, concentrate some 200 tanks at a given point near the Israeli border. One short drive and Israel could be cut in two. Naturally the Israelis feel they need an additional armored brigade or two. The high Israeli military budget will probably go up further. One can expect even more Israeli visitors, in search of weapons, to Washington, London and Paris. PHILIP BEN

MR. BEN, who contributes to this journal and to *Le Monde*, returned recently from the Middle East.

Anti-Vietnam Politics

Peace Candidates in Oregon, California

by Andrew Kopkind

At last count, there were 103 candidates running on the "peace issue" for public office this year. The count is going down. Among the dead or wounded in last week's round of primaries was Howard Morgan, whose rather frail campaign for the Democratic senatorial nomination in Oregon had been elevated to a kind of national referendum on Vietnam. Oregon turned out to be ill-suited to the test. Its politicians are accustomed to playing to a small house; no one knew quite what to make of the network television crews, the national political reporters and columnists, and the obvious concern of the Johnson Administration. In the end, only a minority of voters cast what was essentially a protest vote on a single issue. Duncan's majority was over 70,000.

Morgan's campaign was hardly a departure from political convention. He admitted that on most issues he had "very few differences" with his opponent, Rep. Robert Duncan, whom he had urged to run in the first place. Morgan got into the race himself when Duncan declared that he "would rather fight Communism on the Mekong than on the Columbia," and was supporting the Administration's Vietnam policy. Senator Wayne Morse rushed to Morgan's side, and the two set out around the state to "talk sense" about the war. Morgan tried to explain that "the catchword and slogan - 'Communism' - was the ruination of US foreign policy, but it was never clear that he was not caught by the same word. He often put his opposition to the war in anti-Communist terms: "When Communism is stopped in the backward nations it will be stopped by offering a better life to the people," he said in a televised debate with Duncan. It sounded like an ad for the Agency for International Development.

In the precinct headquarters around the state, Morgan's campaign workers were trying to keep it respectable. In Eugene, Oregon's second largest city and the home of the state university, they excluded campus activists from the campaign ("the beards made people nervous," one worker said). And despite the national publicity, the campaign centered more and more on Morgan's personality, on images, and old political alliances. That was Morgan's downfall. He is intelligent and tough, and he had a good record in the Democratic

Party (as state chairman, he helped bring the Democrats to power in the 1950s) and as a strongly pro-public power state utilities commissioner, and later Federal Power Commissioner. But he spoke poorly; on television, he was stiff in contrast to Duncan's crew-cut, slightly ruffled, snooze-chewing ease. Unable to find a new base of voters, or even to form a new electoral coalition, Morgan had to fish for votes from the same pool as Duncan, and by the normal political standards he made an inferior match. No one in Oregon was particularly happy with the war; but it took an act of will, such as voters in statewide elections rarely exercise, to single out the issue and supply it to a candidate who was not very exciting in any other way. "Everybody who votes for Morgan is against the war," a Democrat said shortly before the primary, "but not everybody who votes for Duncan is for it."

The Morgan campaign is likely to be a model for most of the other peace candidates around the country, in the primaries and on election day in November. Few will fare much better. In California, there are 30 such announced candidates, for offices from attorney general down to assemblyman. A few incumbents will probably be reelected on their overall records, but not many of the insurgents can break through on an anti-Vietnam platform alone. Even in California, where the frantic volunteer organizations give issues a prominence they have nowhere else, the war is not going to redraw the political map this year. The polls are probably right: all else equal, the active anti-war vote is a stable minority. There is one startling exception.

The campaign to take the Democratic congressional nomination from Rep. Jeffrey Cohelan in California's 7th District (Berkeley and part of Oakland) is the most ambitious, and possibly the most successful attempt so far to reshape policy to deal with the deep conflicts in American society that the "consensus" glosses over: poverty, powerlessness, war. The campaign began without a candidate. Last year, a Berkeley physician wrote to Cohelan asking for a strong statement against the war; Cohelan (in his own terms a "liberal intellectual" and "more dove than hawk") replied that he supported the Administration's position. The physician wrote

again, and when Cohelan once more demurred, he began to think seriously about organizing a primary fight against the congressman.

At the same time, the militant anti-war protest on the University of California campus was playing itself out. The Vietnam Day Committee had replaced the Free Speech Movement as the expression of student radicalism. In October, the VDC brought 15,000 people into the streets of Berkeley. But the war did not end, and the marches began to get smaller. Many of the students came to believe that the shock effect of direct action was not enough, that it was necessary to exert pressure directly on the men running or condoning the war at the polls.

The physician, and a group of like-minded professionals and businessmen who had come together because of their opposition to the war, had precisely the same idea. And it was not long before the two rather disparate elements in Berkeley met and produced a candidate, Robert Scheer, to oppose Cohelan.

Scheer had been the intellectual star, although not the political leader, of the VDC. He was, off and on, a graduate student in Asian affairs, had visited Vietnam, and had spoken and written on the war (for *Ramparts* magazine, where he is an editor, and in a long report to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions). He had been around the Berkeley campus for almost six years, and at 30 was able to travel between the worlds of student activism and grown-up left-wing politics. He had a neatly trimmed beard and a Brooks Brothers suit.

A Multi-Issue Movement

The Scheer-for-Congress campaign began last winter more as a brainstorm than as a carefully planned professional effort. Offices were set up in various parts of the district, and volunteers wandered through looking for odd chores and precinct assignments. It was unclear to most of them what it all meant as a protest against the war. During the winter, the VDC staged a sit-in at Cohelan's office in downtown Oakland; Scheer led it. Grown-ups in the Berkeley hills began to worry. Then in March, Scheer officially filed as a candidate in the June 7 Democratic primary, and the student radicals were seized with anxiety: the purity of the movement was tainted by its acceptance of the Democratic Party label.

It may have pained some of the students to work at registering Democratic voters, but by the end of the registration drive, there were 10,000 new names on the rolls. In Berkeley, the increase was nearly five times the statewide average for the period. More headquarters were opened, campaign committees began to expand operations, and slowly a sense of excitement

spread. The "hill people" – the older liberals – whose enthusiasm had waned as the campaign seemed to become more radical, came back to support Scheer when they saw its mounting popularity. Many of the students who had dropped out when the campaign seemed to lose its ideological purity ("electoral politics is a drag," one of them said), returned.

What had happened was that the campaign had become a multi-issue movement, concerned not only with the war, but with the plight of Oakland's notorious ghettos, with the failure of the poverty program, with school segregation, civil liberties, urban renewal, job discrimination, police brutality – the whole range of issues which the traditional political leaders in the community either denied or ignored. Scheer tried to tie them all together as functions of the powerlessness of ordinary people. To change their condition, people had to use power – to challenge leaders as well as support them.

No one had challenged Jeffrey Cohelan in a long time. He is, in Scheer's words, "a perfect spokesman for the liberal consensus." His voting record is near-perfect on the ADA index, and he is the devil incarnate to the right wing. Cohelan is 52; he grew up in poverty in San Francisco, went to the University of California, drove a milk-truck for a time, and became a business agent for the Teamsters Union. He had a Fulbright research fellowship to Oxford and Leeds. He was elected to Congress in 1958 in the statewide Democratic sweep behind Pat Brown's devastation of William Knowland (in the "right-to-work" fight).

Cohelan epitomizes the political style against which the Scheer campaign has set itself in diametrical opposition. Cohelan stays in Washington, works on "the inside," deals with leaders, and keeps his doubts about his party and its policies to himself. He treats the House of Representatives with unashamed respect and wants above all to be "a good working member." "You've got to make your way with your peers," he told me recently on one of his infrequent visits to his district. He speaks of his "two constituencies" – the voters at home, and his fellows in the House. He does not wish to get too involved in foreign affairs, for "the House isn't a forum for foreign policy debates. There is all that busy-busy-ness – no time for homework." Nevertheless, he has given 18 speeches in the House on Vietnam. (Sample: "Learned observers disagree as to just how this war developed, and historians of the future will debate the wisdom of specific policy decisions of the past 12 years. The one thing on which all reasonable men can agree is that we want to end this war, with its terrible toll of lives and its tremendous drain on the resources of this and other countries, as soon as possible.") Like Vice President Humphrey, Cohelan believes the most

effective way to end the war is to provide "counter-pressure to the hawks on the other side of the President," preferably in a low tone of voice.

For Cohelan, the hard work of protest is over. "I was an organizer for a labor union. I was on the barricades - reforming everything," he said nostalgically on a foggy afternoon in his Oakland office. "Now we're trying to solve the problem in governmental ways. The basic legislative work is done, although there is unquestionably a mopping-up operation left to do."

The Congressman's Real Job

For Scheer, reform has hardly begun. "If we are serious about making the political process relevant to people's lives," he said, "it is not enough to formulate a program. Social change will not come as a gift from those presently in power. They know that people must fight for what they believe in." Scheer sees the House as a forum and very little else. The real job of the congressman, Scheer thinks, is in his constituency, educating and organizing voters - not only to elect the candidate, but to bring pressure along a line of issues. His campaign has hooked up with groups in the district protesting discrimination, school segregation, the administration of the poverty program, the police, and, of course, Vietnam. Electoral politics - and an elected official - in effect could provide the "cover" for direct action, much in the way that labor's candidates have given a kind of protection to union activism.

The Scheer workers are supposed to be organizers, not salesmen. They are blunt with the voters, and bring up issues as sharply as they can. They encourage argument, and strangely enough, the process seems to be working. Precinct workers are not thrown out of living rooms. They find support where they least expect it, among people who like to be treated honestly and think they have never been before (Scheer makes a point of attacking politicians in general, as well as in particular).

The confrontation of liberal and radical styles is perhaps uniquely possible in the 7th District at this point. "We're cheating in a way," Scheer said, for there is a congruence of factors which has made his campaign possible. For 10 years a loose community of radicals has been growing in the San Francisco Bay area. It antedates both the student protest and the civil rights movement of the early sixties. Starting with the remnants of the old base carved out by Jack London, then by Harry Bridges and the Longshoremen's Union, the newer radicals began their careers demonstrating against the Un-American Activities Committee, then the Caryl Chessman protest and the formation of a student political organization called

SLATE at Berkeley in 1957; the civil rights sit-ins in San Francisco followed, then the Free Speech Movement, and the VDC. A variety of radical activities are now considered legitimate - even tame - in San Francisco that would provoke tear gas and mass arrests in other cities. The Scheer campaign finds support all over the San Francisco area, not just in the 7th Congressional District.

The juxtaposition of the most politically active university population in the country and a large, unorganized, predictably explosive ghetto creates an opening for "movement" politics. The eagerness of the more or less affluent (and more or less intellectual) "hill people" to give money and support, and the enthusiasm of a corps of precinct workers toughened by years of volunteer work in the liberal California Democratic Council clubs were added ingredients in the campaign.

But over the months the Scheer campaign has developed its own singular dynamic. It has attracted a strange collection of types: scientists (biologists and mathematicians) from the University who had never worked before in politics, liberals from the hills unaccustomed to the sight of a beard, students from beat to frat, ghetto Negroes, housewives. There are said to be three or four "card-carrying" Communists actively



"Here, consensus! Here, consensus! Here, boy!"

in the campaign (they are of the young, DuBois Club variety), and they are considered in the "conservative wing" ("they never want to rock the boat, they always want to make deals," a campaign worker complained). No one is excluded from the campaign if he agrees with the "draft platform" and the general approach, but within those limits there are tensions. Until the last weeks before the June 7 primary, campaign decisions were made in free-for-all strategy sessions open to all workers. They lasted for hours; the strategists argued bitterly over the wording of bumper stickers (the left-wing position was that the slogan should be bigger than the name of the candidate; the right wing won that fight), posters and ads. The ambience was something between a college seminar and a SNCC conference, but in some mysterious way decisions evolved. In the last hectic days, a 12-man strategy committee was empowered to set policy, but the old style hardly changed.

Toward the end, the campaign had a thousand workers ringing doorbells in the district. Original estimates of a 25-percent (at most) protest vote were raised. Two weeks before the primary, Cohelan's advisers hoped they could keep the Scheer vote down to 40 percent. Cohelan has the AFL-CIO endorsement (the Political Education Committee never let Scheer come to speak before it), but Scheer has the Longshoremen (with 6,000 families in the district) as well as other independent unions. Scheer was endorsed by the district's California Democratic Council convention, which was filled with anti-war members; it was the first time the CDC has refused to endorse a Democratic incumbent congressman.

"A Man Whose Career Is the House"

Cohelan is worried and bitter. He got Postmaster General Larry O'Brien to come to the district for a campaign testimonial dinner (Cohelan is on the House Appropriations subcommittee on the Post Office), and he procured telegrams of endorsement from senators and representatives. But he sees his constituency falling apart. "I'm really on the rack now," he said, with three weeks to go in the campaign. "I'm going to win this election, but I'll have to give my bloody soul to do it. The people who worry me are the people who say, 'You're the greatest guy in the world, but I want to get at Johnson.' Scheer's campaign doesn't mean anything except that a lot of people in this district don't like President Johnson. People are warm and friendly here, but when they get around to Johnson they begin to snarl. It's small satisfaction that it's not directed to me. I have a great compassion for the process that's going on — the 'New Left' and the student protests. But now I find myself a victim of it.

It's kind of a Greek tragedy, and I have to play out my role."

A Democratic colleague recently characterized Cohelan as "a man whose whole career is the House." He has no law practice or real estate firm or family business to fall back on. He likes "making it" in the House. He has an inside track already in the Appropriations Committee, and his friends in Congress suspect that he may have an eye on a position in the Democratic leadership. In a way, the primary campaign is already a failure for Cohelan, for in the world of images and popularity he has suffered some telling blows. "It's not just a war protest vote any more," a labor official in Cohelan's campaign remarked ruefully when only 25 people turned up for the big AFL-CIO "mobilization" to do precinct work in the district. Labor, the Negroes who follow the old leaders allied with Cohelan, and the large numbers of people who are not at all prepared to "risk" a radical congressman ("I don't think the Republic will fall if I'm elected," Scheer says) will probably return Cohelan, and he will not have much trouble against the right-wing Republican candidate in November. But his "peers" in the House might think a little less of his power when he goes back to Washington next January.

The Scheer campaign has a predicament of its own. If it loses, the campaigners must decide how and whether their movement can be maintained. Scheer has said that he will stay in the district, and he may run as a write-in candidate in November. But there may be better ways than electoral campaigns to gain recognition for the unrecognized in Oakland. Increasingly, as the campaign progressed, it began to be directed more toward energizing the Oakland ghetto than condemning "Johnson's war." There are many in the campaign who think that the ghetto is the logical place to start in a campaign to change foreign policy.

After the primary next week, the tensions between the CDC liberals and the VDC radicals are going to show up in greater relief. The old conflict between "freedom" and "movement" is present already; here the fight is between the "Scheer" and the "campaign" elements — those who will take short cuts (make deals with other politicians, push the personality of the candidate instead of the issues, soften positions on issues) to win more votes against those who want to keep a radical movement going.

If the campaign is less than pure, it is still a departure from politics as usual. Some of the older politicians can hardly believe what they see. "Scheer really thinks that people vote on issues," Cohelan's campaign manager said one day recently. He couldn't understand it. "People don't vote for issues. They vote for a man — to represent them in Congress. Well," he said, "if Scheer is right, we're out."

Computer-Tutor

by James Ridgeway

A new industry in education has been taking shape this past year through a series of mergers, principally involving electronics companies and publishing houses. Along the way, the electronics companies picked up smaller concerns that make films, design tests and programmed instructional materials, produce educational toys and cheap scientific instruments.

The leaders are well enough known: IBM and its subsidiary, Science Research Associates; RCA and Random House; the joint ventures of General Electric and Time, Inc.; Raytheon and D. C. Heath; General Telephone & Electronics and *Reader's Digest*; Litton Industries; and the nest of education firms acquired by Xerox. (David Dempsey discussed the impact of this new business on book publishing in the May 14 issue of *The New Republic*.)

The government is shepherding the new industry along, providing it with funds from the poverty program and the Office of Education, so that ideas and products can be tested. The philosophy that governs its overall development comes from the Defense Department and in particular from the systems analysts around Secretary McNamara, who have worked hard to persuade both industry and the rest of the Administration that the systems approach is the best way to tackle the problems of the Great Society. Consequently the education businessmen don't look at their job from the standpoint of just selling one product, but rather with an eye to designing and carrying through several functions; that is, they want to design a school system, provide it with innovative materials and equipment, train the teachers how to use the equipment, and then test the finished product—in this case, the student as he comes out of one system and goes into another. The long-range thrust is toward making the computer into an effective teaching machine. If this can be done, the present school structure will radically change. It is conceivable that the school as we now know it will go out of existence altogether.

This business is very fluid at the moment. But here are a few examples of the sorts of things that are beginning to happen: The Office of Economic Opportunity recently gave the Chicago welfare department \$600,000 for an education scheme that involves purchase of several "talking typewriters." These are small computers that have been successful in teaching

three-year-olds how to read and write, and they have been particularly helpful in teaching backward children. New York City hopes to get \$1 million from OEO for a similar project.

Next fall IBM will install the first of its new 1500 series instructional computer systems at a school in East Palo Alto, Calif. They will teach first graders. Computers already are used in some Boston schools to teach math. Philadelphia soon wants to award a contract for computer-assisted instruction. Litton Industries is helping Tulare County, Calif., design a model school system, and will help to train people to run it. The government is spending more than \$1 million over two years in California in 10 school districts which have joined to set up a central data processing system which can schedule students, score test results, keep records and guidance information and print report cards.

However, programming instructional material into a computer and welding the whole into a useful educational tool may turn out to be a very long haul, a longer haul than many of these companies thought when they jumped into the education business.

Programs and teaching machines were developed in the mid-1920s but did not stir much interest until Dr. B. F. Skinner did his famous studies with animals in 1954. Dr. Skinner set out to shape the behavior of pigeons by giving them a bit of corn when they made the right movement. By this sort of encouragement he got them to playing ping-pong. His theories on shaping behavior were then applied to humans and led to programmed instructional materials.

A program breaks down a given subject into small steps or frames, which are presented one after another in logical sequence either in the pages of a book, or on film or paper that can be viewed through the window of a machine. Each frame contains an item of information and the student is asked to put the information to work immediately by filling in a blank or answering multiple choice questions. In some programs repeated failure to answer correctly will result in the student's being shunted off onto a remedial track. For example, a program in basic chemistry works like this: In the first frame there is a picture of piles of pebbles, sand and powder. The program says: "This is a pile of pebbles. The pebbles are large, so it is

easy to see them. If you make them smaller you have sand. If you make them still ————— you have powder." On turning the page, the answer "smaller" appears, along with the next frame which asks, "Why is it difficult to see powder particles?" Once more the page is turned, the answer is, "They are too small to be seen easily." And in this manner the program proceeds to more difficult material.

The idea is for the student to progress at his own pace, and like the pigeons, he is reinforced with each step he takes by correctly answering simple questions. Programs have been particularly useful with rote material, like basic arithmetic and spelling. The teacher is freed from the drudgery of drills.

Skinner believed that for a program to function effectively it needed to be run through a machine, and this should be some sort of simple, durable, inexpensive device that in appearance could resemble a small record player. The student would turn a knob, and a frame of the program would appear in the window of the machine. After studying the material, the student would write his answer to a question. He turns the knob once more; his answer moves up under a piece of glass so he cannot change it, and the correct answer then appears.

Limitless Possibilities

Programmed instruction never has aroused much enthusiasm in the schools, although it is widely used in industrial training programs. The academic programs often have been boring and poorly put together, and they have not been sold along with the simple, cheap teaching machine of the kind envisioned by Skinner. Instead, in 1960 the encyclopedias got into the act, and their salesmen hawked teaching machines and programs door to door in an appeal to parents who feared something was wrong with their children. Their high-pitched salesmanship glutted the market and many purchasers were disappointed with results.

But now excitement over teaching machines once again is rising because of the computer. Here the possibilities seem limitless. As the child sits at his typewriter and begins the dialogue with his computer-tutor, the machine will sense out his weaknesses and provide him with remedies. Instruction will be tailored to each individual. There will be no classes, nor, for that matter, any need for schools. The student can sit at home. In the morning he will dial into the computer and ask for French. After half an hour of this, he will switch to the library (all the books will be stored in computers) and get the machine to print out parts of *Paradise Lost*, which he will study, and then dial another computer to answer some questions about the poem. Once a semester a student can go along to a

learning center for discussion groups and a chat with his counselor. The counselor already will have asked the computer for an audit on the student, and will be prepared to discuss his progress and qualifications for jobs. It will be interesting to compare the student's actual progress with the computer's predictions of his progress, which in most cases will have turned out to be all too accurate. This is not science fiction. However, more research is needed to bring down the costs and make the machinery more sophisticated before it is likely to take place on any wide scale.

Recently I saw some of the new teaching machinery. One widely publicized device is the "talking typewriter," developed by Drs. O. K. Moore and Richard Kobler. It has been quite successful in teaching three- and four-year-olds how to read, write, and touch-type. It looks much like a regular typewriter. The child is left alone with it, and as he explores it, he will hit, say, the letter M. A voice from the machine says "M," and by playing about with the keyboard, the child gets to know the different letters. As he gets the hang of the machine, the voice may ask him to put together different letters until they make a word. Preschool children at Mount Vernon, New York, were having great fun with the machine which asked them to spell out "Batman." These machines cost \$30,000 each and, until the OEO grants, only 10 of them were in use. They are made by the McGraw-Edison Co., and sold by Responsive Environments Corp.

At the Learning Research and Development Center at Pittsburgh, Dr. Aubrey Holland is preparing a device for teaching youngsters in the city's Head Start program. A child will sit before a screen that looks like it came from a TV set. A slide projector flashes a picture of two blue-colored balls across the top half of the screen; across the bottom there appear the numbers, 1 in red, 2 in blue, and 3 in yellow. The idea is for the youngster to line up the two blue balls with the number 2 also colored blue. When he makes this association, he is to hit the number 2 with his hand, and a red light flashes and a gong goes off. This is meant to encourage him and he goes on to progressively harder work. This machinery, which Dr. Holland had jury-rigged, could be duplicated by a Westinghouse computer which is located in the center.

The computer can also give spelling lessons. The student sits at a console, which consists of a typewriter keyboard and a television-type screen. Off to one side is a speaker. The teachers are hidden by one-way mirrors at the back of the room. The spelling program begins. A man's voice says, "Please spell smile." As the student types each letter it is printed on the screen in front of the keyboard. If he hits the wrong letter, the machine refuses to print the letter, and the voice says, "wrong." If he keeps hitting the

incorrect letter, the machine says "wrong" and finally spells the word correctly. Then the voice says, "Now you try." If the student does not respond, the machine patiently says, "Please type correctly, please type correctly, please type correctly," until either the word is spelled out properly or somebody turns off the computer. This machinery may be tried out in a Pittsburgh elementary school next fall.

I also got a chance to have a dialogue with a couple of different IBM computers. I sat at a typewriter console in the company's Washington office. The typewriter was hooked up by leased lines to various IBM computers around the country. First, the engineer dialed one in Poughkeepsie, New York, and after a brief whirl at a number-squaring exercise, I got him to switch that one off and dial into Yorktown Heights, New York, where there are more intriguing programs. To get into Yorktown, I had to give a student number and a secret code word. Then Yorktown printed out a course directory which included vocabulary, word recognition, German, biochemistry, physics and history. I chose history.

"Name the British commander who captured Fts. Ticonderoga and Edward," said the computer.

"Cornwallis," I typed back.

"No," said the computer, "Cornwallis was defeated at the Battle of Yorktown later in the war. Try again."

"Burgoyne."

"Correct."

Moving on, the computer asked, "A legend connects Betsy Ross to George Washington; according to the story what did Betsy Ross do?"

"I do not know."

"Try again, making your answer an affirmative statement."

"Betsy Ross made flags."

"Whose flag? Which flag?"

"She made US flags."

"The US did not exist as such until after 1870. This legend refers to an earlier period. Whose flag? Which flag?"

"She made American flags."

Then the computer began to give hints:

"She made --- ---- American flag. Try again."

"She made the first American flag."

"Right, she made the first American flag."

Tiring of this, I switched to a German course which asked me to translate "the ring is round." Since I did not know any German the engineer showed me how to get the computer's dictionary, and on request it translated the words into German.

IBM has developed a method called "Coursewriter," which enables teachers who don't understand how computers work to revise and update programs by using simple procedures.

The new 1500 systems which will go into the East Palo Alto first grade include television screens and head phones, as well as typewriter keyboards. Children can also answer questions by pointing their light pens at the right answers on the television screen. The computer can read the pen's signals.

IBM computers have been used in other research experiments. In Project Essay Grade at the University of Connecticut, a computer was filled with a dictionary of 1,000 commonly misspelled words, then told how to detect misused words, errors in punctuation and grammar as well as certain style flaws. The idea was for the computer to simulate a panel of English teachers who must grade papers for college boards, and the project was sponsored in part by the College Entrance Boards. The computer graded papers along with three human judges and the results of all four were said to be practically indistinguishable.

Dr. Robert D. Tschirgi, dean of planning for the University of California system, feels computers can help universities get on with their real job. The primary business of any university, he says, is the creation, storage, manipulation and dissemination of information. Once all the libraries at universities are hooked together through computer systems, there will at last be the "great composite university which is truly universal." To those who are frightened of machines, Dr. Tschirgi has these words of encouragement: "A book is an inanimate, unresponsive friend at best, yet love and attachment are well recognized emotions to be displayed toward books. Why should it be surprising, therefore, that a reactive, facile, responsive computer may also generate a form of affection in its human users? Is it any less comprehensible to imagine a generation with nostalgic memories of one's old computer-tutor than to have cherished remembrances of ivy-covered walls?"

What It Costs

Despite such enthusiasm, widespread use of computers as teachers is a long way off. The machines still are clumsy and very expensive. IBM's 1500 series costs from \$6,000 to \$12,000 a month to rent for a computer that can handle 32 children. There are few inspired programs that are published in books, let alone interesting ones for computers. It can cost as much as \$10,000 per hour of instruction to write, test and revise a good program, and it may well take three or four years to do the job properly.

Big companies which are diversified enough to stay in the race 15 or 20 years are the ones most likely to succeed in education. IBM seems sure to be a leader, though its spokesmen speak conservatively about computer-assisted instruction. At the very best, they say,

computers can perform simple drills in subjects like arithmetic and spelling which will help take a bit of the load off teachers. IBM hopes to sell 12 of its new systems over the next two years. They probably will go into the colleges and universities where the company has been developing research; they will be used mainly for more research.

Thus, the outlook for making a fast buck is not good. In their eagerness to stake out a claim in the education market, businessmen have invested close to half a billion dollars within the past year or so. Yet they are shooting at a market at best worth \$1.5 billion a year – including textbooks. (Most of the money spent on education goes for teachers' salaries and for construction of school facilities.)

This market will need to be expanded, partly to make more money and because the systems approach won't make any sense unless business can get into and influence areas that now are controlled by the educators. For example, industry almost certainly will have to move into teacher training. One reason innovations in educational materials are slow to catch on is because teachers don't know how to use them in their classes or are too hidebound to try out new things. Already some companies in education are beginning to work at bringing around the teachers. IBM's subsidiary, Science Research Associates, which writes programs for IBM's computers, also will instruct the teachers in how to write their own courses using the "Course-writer" methods, and how to revise existing computer courses. Through its subsidiaries, Xerox writes programs and publishes the *Weekly Readers* – the droopy, children's magazines. Thus, it gets directly at the students and teachers; the company also holds two-week seminars for teachers where they learn how to lay out a course of programmed instruction.

Companies may find it good business to own and operate networks of vocational schools and community colleges. Businessmen know much more about vocational education than the public schools. IBM spends \$60 million a year on internal training of employees. There is a great need for competent and inexpensive schools in expanding areas such as health. Already business is getting experience running school systems by operating the Job Corps camps for the poverty program. Litton Industries, which runs a Job Corps center on the West coast, also designed a community college at Oakland, Michigan. Litton put together instructional materials and showed the teachers how to use them.

The new industry is eager to get at young children. CBS bought Creative Playthings, a firm that makes educational toys. Raytheon is interested in making a similar acquisition. The poverty war's Head Start program has been such a success it would not be surprising to find companies beginning to package and sell Head

Start type preschool systems to the middle class. Home study is another market. Four million people take correspondence courses. If business could get the public educators to accept the idea of granting an external degree, this business would open up. CIT Financial Corp. has a scheme for communities that are short of cash for education. Through a series of arrangements with manufacturers, it will build, equip and lease school rooms, libraries and labs.

These markets will expand or contract depending on the amounts of money the government puts into them. The education industry is likely to unravel in imitation of the aerospace industry, where some of these firms have worked. The government sought a greater commitment by business to education, and now that business is in with both feet, the Administration can scarcely let them down. The only course will be to make more money available. Quite probably the firmest supporters for more federal aid to education will be the big industrialists. The new industry has a good friend in Louis Bright, associate commissioner of education in charge of research. He comes from Westinghouse. Francis Keppel, the former commissioner, will have a major hand in shaping the direction of the Time-GE venture called the General Learning Corp. where he is soon to take a job. In two weeks the Defense Department will hold an unusual conference for industrialists on education technology. The Pentagon now spends \$4 billion a year on education and training, and while this money is spread among the different commands, there are indications that Mr. McNamara wants to get hold of some of it to knit together the Department's training efforts. Mr. Morris, the Assistant Secretary for Manpower, says the Department wants to bring advanced technology to bear on training; he picks out computer-assisted instruction as an example of what he means. This will be another market where industry can test new products.

All of this should be bracing to the public education establishment; at long last it will have a bit of competition. The emergence of this new industry also raises some interesting questions for the government which will be channeling its development. For instance, the way in which the government awards initial contracts can determine whether the education business is competitive in 20 years or whether a few big companies dominate the market. Industry's keen interest in the education market means that new departures will not be discussed publicly before they are announced. Information about new products and markets is considered proprietary. In two weeks of discussions I found people in the business reluctant to discuss future markets and products except in the most general terms. In the end, the future of education may be decided by a handful of corporation vice presidents.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Nabokov in Time

by Quentin Anderson

Nabokov, describing the work of "V. Sirin" (his pseudonym as a Russian emigré novelist) in *Conclusive Evidence*, says, "the real life of his books flowed in his figures of speech," and "his best works are those in which he condemns his people to the solitary confinement of their souls." *Despair*, the sixth of the nine novels Nabokov wrote in Russian, is neatly bracketed

Despair
by Vladimir Nabokov
(Putnam; \$5)

by these remarks. He wrote it in 1932, and translated it into English in 1936. But the text now published is a revision of the original—the reader who has no Russian, and no copy of the first translation for comparison is persuaded that important changes have been made by the virtuosity of the concise and resonant English of the present version. Single words carry more weight than they did in Nabokov's first two novels in English, and produce effects of startling distinctness, effects quite beyond the reach of the accomplished author of *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* (1941) and *Bend Sinister* (1947).

Hermann, the central figure in *Despair*, is a Russian emigré living in Germany. He is entranced by a fantasy which he justifies to his worldly consciousness as an insurance swindle. He will kill the tramp who appears to him to be his double, get his wife, whom he believes to be devoted to him, to collect the insurance on his life, and assume the double's identity. His absorption in the pattern he is creating is complete. He does not notice that his wife is sleeping with her cousin, and in the end he quite overlooks the walking stick the double is carrying at the time of the murder, a stick on which the double has carved his own name, and that of his town.

Hermann writes this book after having carried out the fantasy. He is waiting for the reviews of his work; that is, for the press reports of the murder to reach the little town in the Pyrenees where he is hiding. While he waits he lets his memory dictate a book of which the title is unknown until the disastrous realization that he has forgotten the walking stick overtakes him. He had thought of calling his book "Crime and Pun" and "The Poet and the Rabble." But *Despair* is the only possibility in the end—and not simply because of the stick. There is a deeper failure. The whole basis of his work of art has been ignored, nobody thinks him dead, nobody has even noticed the resemblance between the murdered man and himself. In the world's eyes he has no double, and the death he will no doubt die for murder will not even have the effect of bringing him into that final juxtaposition with his image which he had imagined while watching a leaf falling into still water as its double swam up toward it. The reader is confronted by various shifts in perspective—the account given of the whole affair by Hermann's "memory" stands for the fullness of event, for "life," while his work of art, a fantasy which he had pursued in the common light of day, has the status of art in that it is a selection of events made to serve a chosen design. Finally, the account given by memory is the work of the art of the emigré Russian novelist to whom Hermann proposes to send his manuscript!

Is the book more than a suffocating joke on its central figure and a trip to a mirrored fun house for its reader? It depends on what you think of the language, it depends on "the figures of speech" and how much you prize them. The very qualities which led Mary McCarthy to say that *Pale Fire* was "one of the very great works of art of this century" are here—not, it

is true, in the same measure (the book is not so multilayered), but still they are here. For example, an extraordinary passage in which Hermann finds that the town in which he has undertaken to meet his double seems to be almost wholly built out of reminiscences of his own past; he wonders whether Felix can in fact appear there, or whether his very conception of Felix is not the product of an appetite for repetition which is growing in him. The play with resemblances is, of course, very intricate: is Felix a "minus I" in the sense that traces on a blotter are negatives, and can only be read in a mirror? Did Felix have the obstinacy, the stubborn bad taste (from Hermann's viewpoint) to read himself as the positive, Hermann as the negative?

All this is consonant with the patterned games played in certain other Nabokov novels. *The Eye*, a novella, and *The Defense* resemble *Despair* in that their chief figures are condemned as is Hermann to spin a world out of their fatally repetitive inner resources. With some qualifications, *Laughter in the Dark* and *Lolita* belong in this group.

In the light of one common assumption about the novel it would be denied that these were novels at all. In them the recording consciousness is jealous, and won't give up its world to the reader. What we are given is theme and variations, and denied any sense of cumulation or growth. We get experience of the order of a child's memories, experience deprived of temporal dimension. Each of the rendered moments is like a separate raid on the continuum of life which brings back an observation that is rendered with the tang of immediacy and yet serves an exemplary use in the web Nabokov is weaving. The life of his work does in fact lie in his figures of speech. And there is something in it which is wholly inimical to our gross appetite for stories of growth, development, sequential change.

I confess I do not believe in time.

I like to fold my magic carpet after

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use, in such a way as to superimpose one part of the pattern upon another. Let visitors trip. And the highest enjoyment of timelessness — in a landscape selected at random — is when I stand among rare butterflies and their food plants. This is ecstasy, and behind the ecstasy is something else, which is hard to explain. It is like a momentary vacuum into which rushes all that I love. A sense of oneness with sun and stone. A thrill of gratitude to whom it may concern — to the contrapuntal genius of human fate or to tender ghosts humoring a lucky mortal. (*Conclusive Evidence*)

Nabokov's prose medium deserves a name, partly a designation, partly frankly incantatory, as is Gerard Manley Hopkins' "sprung rhythm." We might call it the "light anthropomorphic," and find a simple and characteristic instance of it in the sentence, "Let visitors trip." In this medium the interpenetration of humanity by language, language by humanity is, moment by moment, felt as complete. Its range, its horizontal range, is very wide, gallery upon glittering gallery of the tricks by which we betray ourselves in language and language betrays us. But its scale is single; it can only tell us what we do to words and they to us; it cannot tell us what men have done. It appears to deny the possibility of saying *consummatum est* of any human action. It works minutely and reflectively: one little vaudeville of the light anthropomorphic gives way to the next, and so on until the pattern is complete. Here are some "verbal adventures," to steal a Nabokov phrase.

He felt that he loved his wife sincerely, tenderly — as much in fact as he was capable of loving a human being; and he was perfectly frank with her in everything except that secret foolish craving, that dream, that lust burning a hole in his life. (*Laughter in the Dark*)

Occasionally, in the middle of a conversation her name would be mentioned, and she would run down the steps of a chance sentence, without turning her head. ("Spring in Fialta")

No lover of solitude, Boris Ivanovich would soon begin to get bored, and from his room Fyodor would hear the rustling growth of this boredom, as if the flat were slowly being overgrown with burdocks — which had now grown up to his door. He would pray to fate that something might distract Schyogolev, but (until he got the radio) salvation was not forthcoming. Inevitably came the ominous, tactful knock. . . . (*The Gift*)

When at last I reached the summit I found there a few shacks standing awry, a washing line, and on it some pants bloated with the wind's sham life. (*Despair*)

The effect of these passages is seldom occasional; three of these are particular reflections of the theme of the work in which they appear. Examples, however, cannot suggest the intricate echoic games which are the works themselves.

Everything that threatens the games played in the group of books to which *Despair* belongs is fiercely attacked by Nabokov as if art were unsafe as long as anybody was generalizing about anything in any context. This is Nabokov's public role, and it is the only public role he permits his characters to assume. Historical and cultural judgment, Marx, Freud, politicians and metaphysicians, Dostoevsky, Balzac, Stendhal, Proust, the novelist who is described as "the family doctor of Europe" — Thomas Mann? — anyone who classifies anything except words and butterflies is scorned. A novelist remarks in *Laughter in the Dark*, "Well, when a literature subsists on Life and Lives, it means it is dying. And I don't think much of Freudian novels or novels about the quiet countryside." The young writer of *The Gift* remarks on the unsuitability of a theme: "I would have become enmired involuntarily in a 'deep' social-interest novel with a disgusting Freudian reek." (As one might anticipate, there is quite another view of Joyce, a figure whom Nabokov says he reveres.) John Wain has remarked in these columns that this scorn of Nabokov's appears to be the scorn conventionally attributed to the artist who is asked to write to somebody else's ends, or everybody

else's ends. I think it is a symptom of something more than this.

The scornful detachment of the prefaces conceals the fact that in another group of novels Nabokov's art is—in his sense—very impure indeed. *Invitation to a Beheading* and *Bend Sinister* are novels in which all reality and value inhere in the central figure, and the environing world is condemned to act out an imprisoning fantasy which the hero and the reader see through. These novels are occasioned by their times, and reflect Nabokov's response to his sense of the idiocy of Communism and Nazi Germany. They can hardly be defended on the ground on which Nabokov habitually asserts the independence of his art from all ideological and psychological generalities. The human glory of their central figures is dependent on convictions about human worth that the reader must bring to the book, convictions on which Nabokov relies. With these two novels we may associate two more, *The Gift* (1937) and *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, in which the recording consciousness is that of a writer, and is quite as authoritative for the reader as are the heroes of the first two novels. I shall come to *Invitation to a Beheading*, *Lolita*, and *Pale Fire* in a moment; these four novels suffice to make the point that Nabokov has often ignored what he says in *Conclusive Evidence*: "in a first-rate work of fiction the real clash is not between the characters but between the author and the world." There is a quite shameless human glory about Krug in *Bend Sinister*, about the figures of the writer's parents in *The Gift*, about the hero of *Invitation to a Beheading*—with these characters our sympathy is complete. When these persons are placed beside Hermann, Luzhin of *The Defense*, the central figure of *The Eye*, these latter recede into the texture of the works in which they appear, seem mere themes for light anthropomorphic exercises. We are once more outsiders.

Why shouldn't Nabokov have written in two fictional modes, giving now one, now the other, the ascendancy? What is important is the critical significance of the divergence and final confluence of these two kinds in Nabokov's work. What we may call his naturalism is dominant in Nabokov's recorded memories of his childhood and

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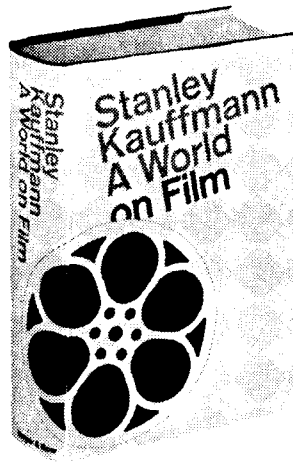
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youth in *Conclusive Evidence*. It is a fully peopled world, rather lush, even sentimental, through which move the figures of a father and mother (whose splendid worldly ascendancy is matched by inner grace and strength), a group of attendant persons, first loves, family retainers and so on. This interrelatedness, this sense of an ordered life in common with others does not of course recur in the Nabokov fiction I know. But *The Gift* offers, in the persons of the young writer's parents, characters who survive out of such a time and such a world. These characters are bordered in black, cherished, lonely and doomed, like Krug, and the lepidopterist father of *The Gift*, who has, anticipating John Shade of *Pale Fire*, a relation to cosmic patterns, "A sense of oneness with sun and stone." This strong sense of a lost sunlit world is the hidden positive in Nabokov's work; it is what such glinting constructs as *Despair* operate to hide. We are justified in saying that Nabokov's publicly stated aesthetic theory is equivalent to a historical judgment. He willed time to a stop. Certain lonely figures in his fiction survive the actual holocaust and his aesthetic assertion of its finality. The naturalism survives in his work and reemerges (somewhat attenuated) in the sentimental naturalism of *Pale Fire*. It is as if, having incautiously trusted to the persistence of the rules of the social order which had nourished his first nineteen years, he had determined never again to accept any set of rules from anyone, or write anything which could be subsumed within any order.

I shall not attempt here to deal with the complex interplay of the patterned as against the naturalist strands in Nabokov's work. I have suggested that the human glory of Krug, which is posed against a cruel and mindless society, represents a naturalism which gives way to a more sentimental strain in Nabokov's later work, in fact in the very next novel, *Sebastian Knight*. Knight, unsupported by a sense of the wholeness of a human community of the order we find in *Conclusive Evidence*, makes his lonely assertion of the generically human: "All things belong to the same order of things, for such is the oneness of human perception, the oneness of individuality, the oneness of matter, whatever matter

may be. The only real number is one, the rest are mere repetition." To reinforce this we may quote Shade's poem in *Pale Fire*:

And if my private universe scans
So does the verse of galaxies divine
Which I suspect is an iambic line.

A longer passage from *Sebastian Knight*, which, like Shade's poem, is concerned with a solution to the riddle of death, may make Nabokov's movement from a naturalism conditioned by the memory of community to a naturalism founded on a faith in our kinship with the order of nature somewhat plainer. Both seem to have been present from his youth onward, but the ascendancy of the latter grows as the memory of a society in being recedes.

And the word, the meaning which appears is astounding in its simplicity: the greatest surprise being perhaps that in the course of one's earthly existence, with one's brain encompassed by an iron ring, by the close-fitting dream of one's own personality — one had not made by chance that simple mental jerk, which would have set free imprisoned thought and granted it the great understanding. Now the puzzle was solved. "And as the meaning of all things shone through their shapes, many ideas and events which had seemed of the utmost importance dwindled not to insignificance, for nothing could be insignificant now, but to the same size which other ideas and events, once denied any importance, now attained." Thus, such shining giants of our brain as science, art or religion fell out of the familiar scheme of their classification, and joining hands, were mixed and joyfully levelled. Thus, a cherry stone and its tiny shadow which lay on the painted wood of a tired bench, or a bit of torn paper, or any other such trifle out of millions and millions of trifles grew to a wonderful size. Remodelled and re-combined, the world yielded its sense to the soul as naturally as both breathed.

The belief that such an awareness of nature might afford this measure of human fulfillment lies about fifty

years behind us in the European consciousness. It stems from an age in which science seemed to authorize wider hopes, rather than pose deeper threats. When we are thinking of Nabokov as a modernist his grounding in a sentimental naturalism must be recalled. The hardness, brightness and echoing intricacy of his patterned fiction is a culturally determined mode of coping with a world which denies the "sense of oneness with sun and stone."

But I have been speaking as if the Nabokov who willed time to a stop had in the process suppressed the world of his childhood, and this is misleading. His delight in exposing "the contrapuntal genius of human fate" is a quite logical extension of that world, or rather of the breakdown of the inter-personal hierarchic order that world represented. Luzhin, Paduk (the Hitler figure of *Laughter in the Dark*), Humbert, Hermann, are persons in

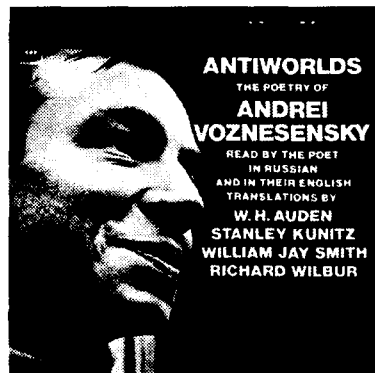
whom the child's absorption in his play is prolonged into adulthood, prisoners rather than makers of patterns. Humbert keeps wooing the ten-year-old girl of the Biarritz beach, and our consciousness of this is the source of our sympathy, which persists together with our awareness that he has become loathsome. Such figures, like Luzhin, who also invites our sympathy, nonetheless fail to respond to the first moral value of the Nabokovian universe, a respect for the singleness of others. The mocking memoir of Chernyshevski in *The Gift* brims with venom directed at a generation which infected us all — infected Lenin himself — with the horrible smarmy presumption that we were so nearly identical that we could be understood en masse. Hermann's unforgivable spiritual vulgarity is the hunger for a resemblance that amounts to identity — something that can only be attributed to inanimate things, dead things. And

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Despair is, like all the internally echoing works, a struggle with the reader; he is being tested: if he thinks he can assimilate the pattern to his beliefs and expectations he is one more fool who doesn't know the value of singleness.

I have made it plain enough that the works in which everything is subdued to the pattern, while serially brilliant, seem to me as exhaustible in their interest as reported games of chess. The hero of *Invitation to a Beheading*, while describing himself as incapable of writing says that he has an intuition of the way in which words must be combined, "what one must do for a commonplace word to come alive and to share its neighbor's sheen, heat, shadow, while reflecting itself in its neighbor and renewing the neighboring word in the process, so that the whole line is live iridescence." If you find the patterned works delightful it is such effects you delight in. If you are persuaded you are reading a full-fledged novelist you are unaware of the extent of your collaboration. The text under your eye is like a brilliant musical score, but the continuity of the performance is supplied by the reader, who fills in the curve of imagined human action. Of course this is a question of degree. *Lolita*, up to the death of the mother, has no such limitation. Thereafter it falls, on rereading, into fragments, some of which retain their lustre, like the scene in which Humbert sees his married and pregnant love for the last time, while others have lost it altogether, and in fact share with certain of the American social observations in *Pale Fire* the fade and dissonant quality of the marzipan hot dogs sold in fake Viennese candy shops. *Pale Fire* is at once more ambitious and less successful than *Lolita*, because, although there is much to be said for the poem, there is less to be said for the sentimental naturalism which informs it—except as a historical artifact—and the trapped and obsessed figure, Kinbote, unpacked in all his awful flatness and spiritual repetitiousness gives the book the flavor of his sterility. It is possible to be very serious, enormously talented, highly witty, and nonetheless to trivialize what seems a proper outgrowth of Nabokov's career, the attempt to bring to a focus the struggle between the

patterned figure, Kinbote, and a last beleaguered human being, John Shade.

But there remains one almost perfect work, *Pnin*. What I have rather clumsily described as the "naturalism" is here to be found in the implied character of the narrator, perhaps the most winning of Nabokov's persons, and the book appears to be completely patterned, yet the narrator's scrupulous and tender attention supplies exactly that continuity of human concern that the other patterned works lack. Not that the narrator has an unqualified role. Indeed his dramatic relation to *Pnin* is brilliantly sustained and developed. As he physically approaches *Pnin* must recede, because the narrator is precisely that element within whose ambience *Pnin* cannot exist. The book is a delight and a minor classic.

Modernism, the period of Proust, Joyce, Kafka, Eliot, is over, and the preoccupations of poets and writers of fiction are now so different that Nabokov has begun to seem remote. He tries to make language the vessel of our humanity, and supports in public the contention that art is its own excuse for being. He gives this contention away in certain works, and it becomes plain that it is actually parasitic on the memory of an ordered community. His assertion of the self-sufficiency of art will come to seem increasingly unintelligible to a generation unaware of the hidden premise of his humanism. He will go into a temporary eclipse. If the world of community were magically to be reborn the influence of the very thing he publicly denies would serve to reinstate him. But the world in which Beckett, Genet, Burroughs, and the non-novel flourish is a world in which the politics of the soul is primary, and verbal adventure has lost its invisible supporting warp of remembered human solidarity. This, I take it, is the end, so often prematurely announced, of the romantic movement.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Quentin Anderson, a professor of English at Columbia, is editing a seven-volume history of American literature. Lewis Yablonsky, Chairman of the Sociology Department of San Fernando Valley State College, is the author of *The Violent Gang* and *The Tunnel Back*: Synanon.

Ivy League Rebels

by Lewis Yablonsky

The puzzle of the somewhat sharp, tweedy, highly intelligent youth who appears to be heir-apparent to all the goodies of American Society and then rejects them is described with style and compassion in *The Uncommitted*. Keniston himself is apparently a hip-square who lived with many prototypes of the subjects of this study during his undergraduate days at Harvard. Pre-

The Uncommitted:

Alienated Youth in American Society
by Kenneth Keniston
(Harcourt, Brace & World; \$8.50)

cisely because of his own background and current life-style, (he is now an Assistant Professor of Psychology at Yale) he has every right to generalize far beyond his small sample of about 36 Harvard College students. The study is taut and has implications for a greater understanding at all class levels of those Keniston calls the "new alienated."

This new stance towards American society is different from that of the pre-World War II students (mainly of the thirties) who simply wanted a "piece of the action"; or, in their more altruistic utterances, demanded a more equitable distribution of the wealth and power. The new-alienated reject all that American culture offers; they have "a pervasive mistrust of any and all commitments, be they to other people, to groups, to American culture, or even to the self."

This last reference to the self ties Keniston's revelations into themes I have found operative among so-called "lower class delinquents." The more richly endowed Harvard boys he describes parallel violent gang members, who also ferociously reject a coherent self or ego. To do so would entail accepting a role in the community of Man, and this they refuse to do. The extreme gang boy rejects the urban new-slum mess he grows up in and the more learned, yet similarly alienated, college youth rejects the overall society and any part in the precariously balanced world of not-so-civil rights, poverty abscesses, and Vietnam.

The alienated in Keniston's milieu are in certain respects like the new-criminal. Older, more skilled offenders stole with style. They planned their burglaries and they formed cohesive gangs. There was a sense of camaraderie and participation in the adventure even if the caper was illegal. Today's new-criminals and violent gang youths, like Keniston's upper class alienated, live in the here and now. They are not involved in planning or long-term goals, because they are consumed with the immediate gratification of the moment.

Somewhat like gang youths who are always trying to one-up each other with wilder and more senseless violence, the new-alienated attempt to outdo their fellow students in discovering new proofs for alienation and being uncommitted. They accomplish this by discovering in the literature of Sartre, Marx and others newer and more vehement proof of the nonsense of the prevailing order. According to Keniston: "They are philosophers with hammers; their favorite theoretical occupation is destruction, reduction, pointing out inconsistencies, chicaneries, hypocrisies, and rationalizations—whether in others or in themselves."

Another parallel between the upper-alienated and the lower-alienated is observable in the structure of their groups. They "belong" to what I call "near-groups." These are partially organized pockets of stragglers. The alienated college student, like the violent gang member, participates only in the heat of protest or destruction. The near-group is neither a mob nor a coherent group. Members are expected to be fluid and uncommitted.

The most cohesive force I have observed in violent, destructive gangs is a collective hatred for everyone and everything. This not-so-binding cement seems to be the same substance that unites Keniston's new-alienated:

The same angers and resentment, however, inevitably remain unfocused, diffuse, and free-floating without a program or an ideology

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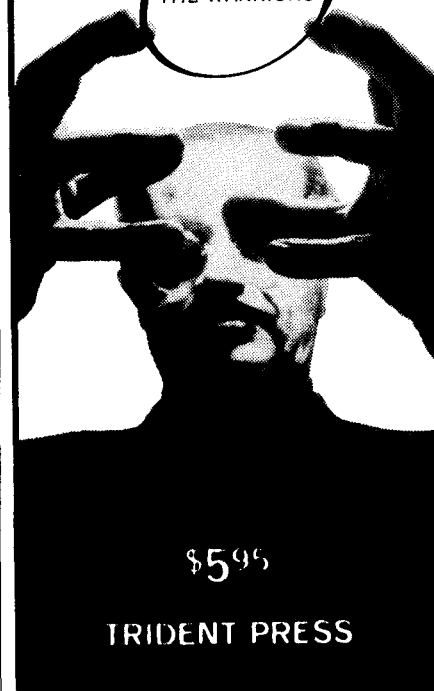
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which pinpoints the problems to be attacked, enumerates the areas in which the social order is in need of change and those which are peripheral. With no criterion for selecting the targets, everything becomes a potential target. Without an articulate conception of what is desirable, energy which might have been channeled into construction is available only for rejection. The enemy is the entire status quo – not merely pernicious aspects of the social order which must be changed to permit improvement, but the entire social and cultural ethos. And this is precisely what unifies the ideologies of these alienated students – their rejection not only of selected visible aspects of American society, but of the basic assumptions and values of traditional American culture as a whole.

In looking for the causes of the new alienation in the family, Keniston notes several patterns. Most of the college students he studied went back

several generations and seemed fond of their "distant past." Surprisingly, these students who were negative about almost everything had great admiration for their grandparents. One of the most extremely alienated wrote about his grandfather: "My mother's father was the most kind and honest man I've ever known. . . . As a child, I felt he was the best man in the world . . . and I think I wanted to be like him, in fact I'm almost certain."

The alienated showed a greater fondness for their mothers than their fathers. Yet they felt, in many cases, that mother was a fool because she gave up a promising future for marriage. And in one way or another their fathers, "sold out" major hopes and aspirations for money or success.

Keniston's appraisal reveals that the alienated's parents (no matter how materially successful) led lives of "quiet desperation." Part of the youths' disaffiliation thus appeared to be an effort at *avoiding* this life-style at any cost. The alienated seem to search for "kicks," which in part accounts for

their unusually turbulent adolescence and variegated thrill-seeking.

The rich case material in *The Uncommitted* provides some valuable clues to the recent plunge of many college students into the use of hallucinogenic drugs. Timothy Leary, the grand dragon of LSD, recently commented that about 75 percent of the students on most campuses have had at least one LSD experience. Although this figure may be a bit high (like the homosexuals' estimate of how many homosexuals there are), the students' motivations tie in with Keniston's assertion about the alienated's quest for a quick breakthrough. Keniston's description here almost parallels the central theme of a "trip" described by many LSD travelers:

The alienated value most those moments when the barriers to perception crumble, when the walls between themselves and the world fall away and they are "in contact" with nature, other people, or themselves. These times of breakthrough

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are relatively rare, for much of their lives seem to them dull, depressed, and ordinary. But when such moments come, the alienated describe them in mystical terms, emphasizing the loss of distinction between self and object, the revelation of the meaning of Everything in an apparently insignificant detail, the ineffability of the experience, the inherent difficulty in describing a moment which transcends ordinary categories of language.

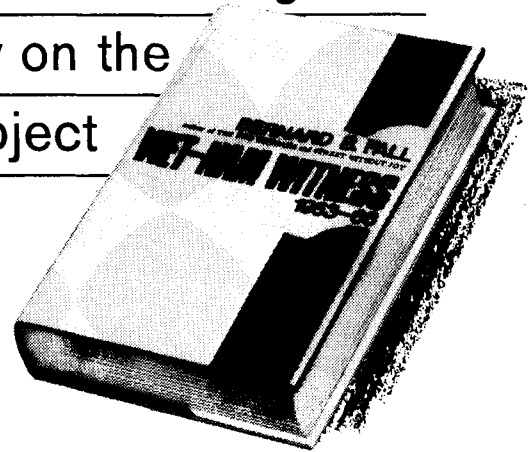
In examining some of the societal trends that nurture alienation, Keniston points to, among others, rapid social change, without any real control placed on its direction or intensity. Rapid social change, he contends, deeply affects certain people who would prefer a better comprehension of where they have been and where they are going. Without this sense of personal relatedness to the continuity of our society some people experience a sense of limited identity and involvement, choosing to disaffiliate themselves from this juggernaut of change that has no concept of its tradition or where it is heading.

Not only is social change rapid, but it appears to be accelerating so that in any given person's lifetime his psychological adjustment has to be continually modified. "Tomorrow," in this context, tends to disappear "as a center of relevance for our lives."

What is left, of course, is the present, and all that can be enjoyed therein: "today" becomes the one rock of constancy in a shifting sea of change. Yesterday's solutions are often irrelevant to today's problems and no one can know what part of today's wisdom will remain valid tomorrow; and in similar fashion the traditional American postponing of present enjoyment for the sake of greater future reward is disappearing as well. The resulting cult of the present takes many forms—sometimes the raw hedonism of the spiritually demoralized; sometimes the quest for "kicks," speed, sex, and stimulants.

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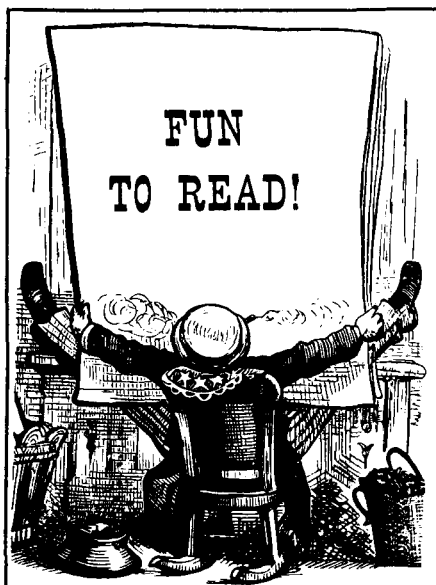
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and President Johnson's early recollections of the poor. The revival of the old CCC in the modern Job Corps and the other attacks on economic dislocation may be thirty years out of date. For today we have a poverty of the spirit, readily observable in our alienated youth. They have full bellies, and, in more cases than not, access to wall-

to-wall-carpeting. In spite of this, they work hard at remaining uncommitted.

We have had investigations of lower-status alienated youth. *The Uncommitted* reveals the many parallels to life in the upper reaches of society. Keniston's brilliant analysis may help us solve a condition that has reached epidemic proportions.

Vietnam Cassandra

by Alex Campbell

For 13 years Professor Fall has been a bearer of ill tidings about Vietnam. He was talking about Saigon's loss of control over its own administration back in 1957. His new book is a selection of his writings on Vietnam from 1953 to this year. He isn't reprinting them now in order to gloat "I told you so." But, though "both charity and good taste persuade me not to recite here the long

Viet-Nam Witness 1953-66

by Bernard B. Fall

(Praeger; \$6.95)

Here Is Your Enemy

by James Cameron

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; \$3.95)

*André Malraux:**The Indochina Adventure*

by Walter G. Langlois

(Praeger; \$5.95)

list of erroneous and wildly overoptimistic statements and timetables with regard to Vietnam that various officials have provided the world for the past 15 years," still he feels that "it is necessary to express serious concern at the thought that even graver decisions relating to the Vietnam problem could conceivably be arrived at today via the same processes that have operated in the past." Not to coin a phrase, those who don't learn from the past are compelled to repeat it.

The very first paragraph of the first article he reprints, dated March 6, 1954, speaks for itself. "What we have here is a sort of *gouvernement crépusculaire*—a twilight government," said the French colonel in charge of the Pacification Bureau in Hanoi. "In our own area we control the cities and major roads from daybreak till nightfall. Thereafter

the Viet Minh has the country to itself to levy taxes, attack our posts, and execute the "Vietnamese traitors," that is, the nationalists who still profess to believe in victory for our side." Such, in a nutshell, is the situation in war-torn Indochina. . . ." Saving that "pacification" is now organized from Saigon, and that the Americans have replaced the French but do not now control all the cities and major roads, what has changed?

Appropriately, Mr. Fall devotes part of his Epilogue to discussing "free elections," and says: "Even a superficial canvassing of [non-Communist] groups would provide a non-Communist Saigon coalition with a comfortable margin [over the Communists] in any kind of fair electoral test, provided the groups were not hell-bent on their own destruction—which, it must be admitted, they have always been in the past."

The Praeger news release on the book quoted this passage but omitted the concluding proviso, thus unwittingly proving that Fall's Cassandra qualities are unappreciated even by his publisher.

Jimmy Cameron is a British journalist who went to North Vietnam, with two television technicians and a camera, entirely at his own initiative and expense. It took him a year to get a visa. After *The New York Times* published his articles this year, *Time* took Cameron to task, calling him a "conduit," in the sense of drain rather than channel. The very day this appeared in the magazine, Cameron says, the Time-Life organization asked him on the telephone if he'd be interested in writing them a book on North Vietnam; when he expressed surprise and mentioned the magazine's

criticism of him, they explained, "It's a different department."

Cameron was criticized, not just by *Time*, for quoting without comment a North Vietnam regular army lieutenant-colonel; the critics seemed to think he should have interlarded the quotes with personal disclaimers and ejaculations of disbelief, the way Dean Rusk does when citing Communists. The Hanoi colonel agreed with President Johnson and McNamara that the war was going to get "far worse" and that the guerrillas could and would escalate their numbers just as fast as the Americans; neither American superiority in weapons nor bombing of the North would prevent this. The colonel said his side "require nothing more of the Americans than that they go home," and concluded that, though he didn't know how long it would take, "quite honestly I do not see how we can lose."

Cameron also interviewed the North Vietnamese prime minister, Pham Van Dong, who said much the same things; Ho Chi Minh popped in and out during their talk but didn't contribute much except "You wait and see."

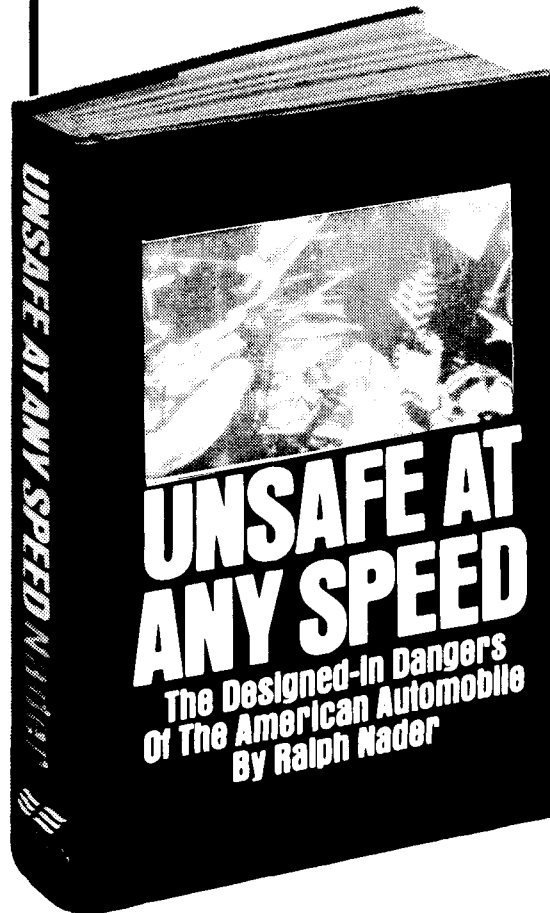
Cameron has included in his book some gay anecdotes that may have been deemed too frivolous for *The Times* but are alone worth the price of admission. When he reached Peking, the immigration official at the airport looked at his visa and said, "Hanoi, ha-ha; you go wrong way." Remembering in time the Oriental confusion over "l" and "r," Cameron said, "Yes, a long way," and the official responded "Don't mention" and gave him a card inscribed "Valid for One Muslim Meal."

The Chinese plane to Hanoi was filled with burly Soviet technicians, to whom the Chinese maliciously presented as reading-matter pamphlets titled "Moscow's Betrayal of the World-wide Struggle against Imperialism," and "The Soviet-US Conspiracy: A Study in Treachery." The Russians got their own back when the plane's Chinese hostess spotted a fly and whipped out a People's fly-swatter. They applauded loudly, affected to find flies everywhere, and scrambled about swatting each other on the head with rolled-up sick-bags.

Odd behavior is not confined to the other side of the curtain, however. For some inscrutable occidental reason Cameron's American publisher has

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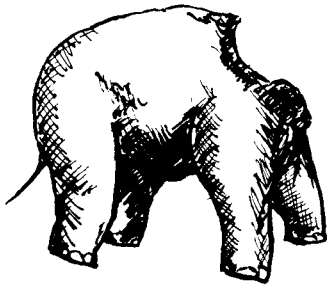
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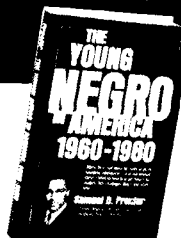
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In 1924, "an antiquary named Mal-
raux," according to *The New York
Times*, was caught pinching a whole ton
of stone gods and angels from the
Angkor ruins in French Indochina. *The
Times* didn't know it, but this was the
start of a *cause célèbre*, involving the
man who was to become one of
France's greatest contemporary writers
in months of journalistic polemics with
the French colonial authorities. André
Malraux had gone to Cambodia on an
archaeological expedition which he him-
self financed, and he did remove stone
carvings from the ruins of a temple, in
defiance of the branch of the bureau-
cracy that had control of antiques. He

was arrested and sentenced to three
years' imprisonment, reduced on appeal
to one year. Other French writers
rushed to his defense with petitions,
and he never served his sentence. In-
stead he launched a newspaper in Sai-
gon that fiercely attacked colonial
abuse and lampooned the government
of Indochina.

Malraux didn't pursue his campaign
against the colonial bureaucrats and on
behalf of the downtrodden Vietnamese
after he returned to Paris in 1926, but
his experiences provided him with ma-
terial for books like *The Royal Way*,
The Conquerors and *Man's Fate*.
Whether current events in Vietnam
justify Professor Langlois's long literary
footnote is moot, but he has researched
it diligently.

ART

Art on an Island

With an economy ranking tourism
right after fruit and bauxite, Jamaica
naturally has a flood of tourist art,
available in Kingston and in Montego
Bay. I recently had an opportunity to
look at it and am happy to report that
there's much more to it than water
colors of sunsets seen from the Ja-
maica Hilton and views of the Straw
Market. There is a strong sense of a
community among the island's artists,
but no sense at all of a collective
manner, no "Jamaica look." There is
more painting than sculpture, which is
true in most places most of the time,
and the painting relates to that of
metropolitan centers, notably Paris,
London and San Francisco. But not
New York.

There is, for example, no Pop at all,
although art magazines are as avail-
able in Jamaica as elsewhere and al-
though Jamaicans in the arts travel
"off island" incessantly. I found one
group of vaguely Pop paintings, in the
sense of using the odds and ends of an
industrial culture, by a young Kingston
architect, Bernard Eales. Here one had
the distinct sense of a deliberate essay
in avantism, taken on almost patri-
otically in the belief that art in Ja-

maica needed something like this at
this time. But, try as he might for the
random, Eales kept drifting back into
good, simple, strong composition.
"What's Your Problem?" the best
piece on display, was made of sea-
weathered planks nailed up vertically,
their flow interrupted by a horizontal
run of shiny tin cans, nailed bottoms-
in to the surface and painted, on their
insides, a bright red-orange. It may
sound affected, but the result was
stunning, a geological effect as of a
vein of irresistible brightness running
along between massive forces of rough
dimness.

The rise of Jamaican art coincides
with and is related to the rise of a na-
tional consciousness. The coming of
"awareness," as people still speak of
it, began in the late thirties and so did
the art. Art teaching, it is possible to
verify, was conceived then as a sacred,
nationalizing activity. You can hear
the story from varied sources of the
talented youngster of that period,
black as is about 98 percent of the
population, painting, drawing or carv-
ing strictly European subjects—the
trimmed lawns of English estates and
the Anglo-Saxon features of their oc-

cupants. These were proper subjects. It was a distinct gain for the cause of independence to teach young artists to draw their own surroundings and their own people.

The leading artist of those days to survive still strong into the present and at the same time the only artist I saw with any overt expression of political meaning in her work, is a sculptor, Edna Manley, wife of the Opposition Leader in Parliament. She does direct carving, mostly in wood, the island's most abundant material, and mostly of somewhat stylized horses and people in ranks or registers implying great power surging upward. There is a memory of the thirties in the very subject, but Mrs. Manley has found and nourished the spark of vitality behind the old cliché and her work surmounts the social-symbolist memory with ease and strength.

To my eye the finest painter now working on the island is Barrington Watson, the somewhat reluctant director of the Institute of Jamaica's School of Arts and Crafts. His earlier work showed a distinctly British origin, especially a series of very strong portrait heads reminiscent variously of Sickert or Gwen Johns. The present orientation is to Bonnard and to San Francisco, both changed not only by Watson's own sensitivity but by the piercing quality of the Jamaican light, so lacking in the blues found in both Paris and the Bay Area. Watson has recently been painting a beautiful series of muted, blurred pictures of the female nude before, during and after the bath; hence, perhaps, the Bonnard

relation, but it's more than that; he shares something of Bonnard's quiet wonder and content in the scene. Color radiates like melting jewels sprayed into the air, sparkling and shining around the comparatively dim figure of the bather.

Besides a recently reestablished gallery in Kingston called simply The Gallery, the most comprehensive such establishment is the new Joe James Gallery at Runaway Bay, just west of Ocho Rios on the north shore. Joe James, other than being the most immediately amiable artist you're likely to run into in Jamaica, is a switch-hitter painter of great facility in several distinct manners pursued simultaneously, the best being a rather spare expressionism. But the gallery includes everybody available.

A few miles further west on the north coast is Rio Buena. Here one of the very few solitaires of art in Jamaica, Gloria Escoffery, has for years lived apart from the extremely social activities of artists on the island. Like almost all Jamaican painters she started out with a patriotic passion for people and places around her, a feeling not wildly different from that of the American Scene painters of the thirties or the national pride of abstract expressionism in the fifties. A recent work of hers centers on the great symbol and reality of the island, a bunch of green bananas, hung to occupy most of surface and richly painted in the intricate architecture of the subject. With no overt preaching, the picture says a lot about the rickety state of the economy.

In my brief view of the scene, the most promising younger artist is Eugene Hyde, the only substantial print-maker visible, with great command of intaglio methods and a painter of elegance and power. A Kingston contractor recently staged the kind of artistic weekend still possible in an art community as closely knit as Kingston's: he invited a dozen painters, and their families, up to his house on top of Jack's Hill and offered, besides food, drink and lodging, 200 pounds for the best view of the city and the harbor stretched out below. Hyde's was outstanding, a night view stressing the mass of mountain as if in motion toward the sea of lights and water.

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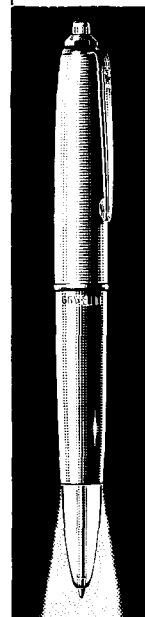
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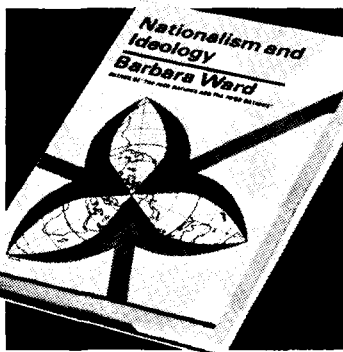
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Correspondence

Sacco-Vanzetti Coda

Sirs:

Almost 40 years after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, *The New Republic* (April 2) has devoted several pages to a review of a recent book about the case by David Felix and further comment in the correspondence columns (May 7). Thus the debate continues year after year.

The morbid sensationalism of trying human beings for their lives, the hatred and suspicions engendered, especially in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, the genuine haunting doubts about the case among people of all classes during the trial, during the appeals and afterward, the ugly atmosphere in Boston and elsewhere when and after the men were executed, in addition to the morbid popular reaction to any execution — all this and more make too high a price for our citizens to have to pay for the sake of a law that nobody has ever been able to prove to be a deterrent to crime.

Whether those two men were guilty or not, it is a clumsy, vicious law that can do such widespread harm, affords society no provable protection of any kind nor any guarantee against execution of the innocent.

Philip H. Bunker
West Roxbury, Mass.

In his recent review of David Felix's book on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Mr. Bickel mentioned with some inaccuracy the bullet tests that I sponsored in 1961. There have been efforts to prove that these tests were improperly conducted and that the two ballistics experts who conducted them were so biased that they were willing to perpetuate a fraud.

Actually the tests were quite simple and straightforward. I spent the whole day with the experts, the late Colonel Frank Jury and Jac Weller, in the State Police laboratory where the tests were conducted under the supervision of the laboratory head and with reporters present. Colonel Jury and Mr. Weller, sitting at opposite ends of the room, each operated a comparison micro-

scope. A so-called Shell W had been found at the scene of the crime; a so-called Bullet III (and so marked on the base) was taken from the body of the murdered South Braintree guard. Weller compared Shell W with test shells fired in 1921. Jury compared Bullet III with bullets test-fired in 1921. Each revealed his findings to me but not to the other. Each allowed me to look through the microscope. Then the two men changed places. Both concluded that Shell W and Bullet III had been fired in Sacco's pistol and could have been fired in no other. I myself saw the matchings a number of times, and anyone who cares to look in my book can see the matching of the base of Shell W with a test shell. Only as an afterthought did Colonel Jury then fire Sacco's pistol, saying that the barrel might by now be too rusty to give a clear impression. After two clearing shots, however, the impression came out very clearly and we were able to match Shell W and Bullet III with the 1961 shells and bullets.

As to the charge of bias, Jury and Weller revised a book by General Thatcher on firearms identification. One of their chapters, which they took over unaltered, contained several dozen case histories with two or three pages devoted to the Sacco-Vanzetti case. These pages were contributed by the late Lieutenant Roche of the ballistics department of the Massachusetts State Police. Roche stated there that tests made after the trial had shown that Sacco's pistol was the murder weapon. After the issue had been raised Weller told me that at the time of the test he had completely forgotten about Roche's sentence. As he and I and Jury made our way to the laboratory the morning of the test Jury remarked that he had no idea how the tests would come out and was indifferent to the results, but he expected that he and Weller would be attacked no matter what their findings. I myself would have accepted the opposite findings by preference, for I had long believed in the innocence of both men. But, having seen Bullet III and Shell W compared under the microscope with both the test shells and bullets of 1921 and those of 1961, I know that they all came from the same weapon. The impossibility of a fraudulent substitution of exhibits I have explained in my book. But, briefly, Cap-

tain Proctor who had custody of the bullets (and who apparently had never heard of the comparison microscope) never did think that Bullet III had been fired from Sacco's weapon. And at the time of the trial neither the defense nor the prosecution experts then knew enough to know that the markings on the base of a shell are as telltale as the grooves on the sides of a bullet. They would not have known enough to make a shell substitution even if they had made one of the bullets.

I know that Sacco's Colt was the murder weapon. I do not know whether Sacco pulled the trigger. Perhaps he was merely there, or even had lent his weapon to someone else. Not knowing our common law view of the accessory before the fact being equally guilty with the principal, he may have thought that since he did not shoot he was not guilty, and he was not going to betray a comrade. On the other hand Carlo Tresca said that "Sacco was guilty, but Vanzetti was not." If anyone in the country had inside information about it Tresca was the man.

Francis Russell
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Alexander M. Bickel, the reviewer of my book, *Protest: Sacco-Vanzetti and the Intellectuals*, made no effort to evaluate *Protest*; he is trying to pound it to death under leaden legal sophistries. *The New Republic* was closely associated with the Sacco-Vanzetti defense. The tone of the review makes one feel that the magazine is straining to safeguard its ideological investment in the Sacco-Vanzetti legend—at whatever violence to its normal canons of fairness. . . .

The reviewer is continuing a deceptive legal game when he uses the Frankfurter and Morgan books as authoritative sources. In *Protest* I illustrated how Felix Frankfurter marshaled his arguments to win his case. One example is his discussion of Judge Thayer's jury charge. Refusing to quote the charge at any length, he simply repeated the words of a defense brief. The brief itself had altered the sense of the charge by tearing part of one sentence out of context and introducing it in a misleading way. This is typical of the Frankfurter book throughout. Nor is this a negative criticism of Frankfurter, as I clearly said in my book. Our lawyers

are trained under the adversary principle of Anglo-Saxon justice. The advocate has no responsibility for the truth, which is presumed to emerge from the clash of contending arguments. Frankfurter was trying to save his men like any good lawyer, and he wasn't giving any points away.

Professor Edmund M. Morgan, a Harvard Law School colleague of Frankfurter, was another Sacco-Vanzetti legal partisan, no more interested in objectives than was Frankfurter. Yet his book made damaging admissions about the grave weaknesses in the defense case which the reviewer has carefully ignored.

The reviewer's struggle with the ballistics evidence is painful. The issue resolves down to a simple question: are the markings on the test bullet (or shell) similar or not to the markings on the fatal bullet (or shell)? Had he not been blinded by his purpose he would have looked squarely at the photograph in my book which demonstrates that similarity. . . .

David Felix
New York, N.Y.

In reply . . .

I have offered no absolute assurance that Sacco was innocent. I wrote only that nothing was adduced in Mr. Felix's book to alter whatever views one had derived from other sources; and that there was virtually no credible evidence at the trial against either Sacco or Vanzetti. And I added that I at least could not summon the towering confidence in later ballistics tests which would be necessary for a conclusion, based on them alone, that Sacco was guilty. For one thing, the impossibility of a substitution of exhibits, fraudulent or otherwise, is not all that Mr. Russell makes it out to be. As for Carlo Tresca, I should wish to cross-examine him.

Alexander M. Bickel
Yale Law School

Is Philosophy Dead Too?

Sirs:

Norman S. Care's essay ("Is Philosophy Dead Too," May 21) debunking the current crop of debunkers of contemporary philosophy is excellent, for he underlines the continuity of the philosophic enterprise: clarification. It may also be noted that whereas "tradition-

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al" philosophers were once concerned with Truth, and deduced, from a central vision of ultimate reality, how the world and man's place in it must be viewed, "modern" philosophers have increasingly become concerned with meaning. . . . Philosophers do not believe that they, as philosophers, can give ultimate answers (this does not mean that they do not have firm commitments or that they deny the validity of beliefs for others): each person is challenged to seek for himself what he believes the end of his life to be. The philosopher can aid him in clarifying the choices that he makes and in pointing out the implications of various alternatives.

When Camus wrote that "there is only one truly serious philosophical problem: suicide" and that "to decide whether life is or is not worth living, is to answer the fundamental question of philosophy," the philosopher should only ask: What does this mean? Are there objective criteria that can be marshaled in favor of or against this position? Ultimately, each individual must decide the question for himself.

Brayton Polka
The City College
New York, N.Y.

In Cold Blood

Sirs:

Perhaps your readers would be interested in the following information, culled from the April issue of *Fortune*, regarding reprint rights to best sellers and the fees paid therefore:

David Dempsey was wrong in suggesting that \$500,000 (paid to Random House by the New American Library for Capote's *In Cold Blood*) "is probably a record-breaking sum" for reprint rights. According to *Fortune*, NAL also advanced \$500,000 for John O'Hara's *The Lockwood Concern* and another half million for Kathleen Winsor's *Wanderers Eastward*, *Wanders West*. The largest sum for a specific volume seems to be Fawcett's \$700,000 for James Michener's *The Source*, although James Jones has a \$1,000,000 multi-book deal with Dell and Harold Robbins a similar contract with Pocket Books.

Joel R. Rudikoff
New York, N. Y.

Arms and the Man

Sirs:

In *The Symposium*, Plato provided an interesting commentary on those army and navy regulations ("Boxed In," May 21) excluding from service, and otherwise penalizing, those who have homosexual "tendencies." "I cannot say," writes Plato "what greater benefit can fall to the lot of a young man than a virtuous lover and to the lover than a beloved youth. . . . If then there were any means whereby a state or army could be formed of lovers and favorites, they would administer affairs better than all others, provided they abstain from all disgraceful deeds and compete with one another in honest rivalry, and such men, and others like them, though few in number so to speak would conquer the world."

Henry Commager
Amherst College

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